# Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

OLUME IX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1875. NUMBER 7.



## MPORTANT NOTICE!

### TO ALL HOM IT MAY CONCERN!

Owing to the great scarcity of money and the long continued neglect of many of my customers to up their indebtedness for the past year more, I am compelled to adopt

### ANOTHER SYSTEM

doing business. Very many of my customers have allowed their accounts to run such an unreasonable length of time t a great loss to me, without any benefit themselves, has been the result. Hence that I find it

**ecessible to Continue the Credit System**

at the same time keep up my stock meet my obligations promptly.

am sincerely thankful for the liberal ronage that has been extended to me, now earnestly ask one and all who are lebted to me, no matter how large or w small the amount, to call and settle, her by cash or note,

**FORE THE 1ST DAY OF JANUARY, 1875,**

I need and must have money. Believ- as I do from past experience (which I ve paid well for) that it will be better r me as well as for my customers to adopt e ready-pay system,

**I WILL NOT,**

fter the FIRST of JANUARY, 1875,

SELL ANY GOODS ON CREDIT.

I am fully convinced that in three cases t of four persons buying goods never find more convenient time to pay than when ey make their purchases, and as an inducement to my customers to buy for cash in exchange for country produce, I will, fter the above date,

KNOCK OFF ONE-HALF the PROFIT heretofore realized in this place on goods the same class.

Hoping that my old customers will take offense at the new mode of doing business I am about to adopt, but will continue to favor me with their patronage on a strictly cash basis, which they will be sure find the very best for all concerned, I pledge myself to mark my goods down to the lowest cash rates.

*ONE PRICE TO ALL!*

**COMPETITION DEFIED!**

IN GOODS AS WELL AS PRICES.

**George Huntley,**

DEALER IN

**Stoves, Hardware, Tinware, Groceries, Paints, Oils, &c., &c.,**

*EBENSBURG, PA.*

P. S. Manufacturers and others who sometimes find it necessary to send orders for goods through their employes, can make special arrangements, with the understanding that their accounts will be paid in full at the end of each month. [Dec. 11, 1874.]

**A LITTLE CONFAB**

—ABOUT THE—

**Singer Sewing Machine**

**And Where to Buy It.**

COUNTRYMAN—See here, neighbor, can you tell me where I can buy the sewing machine people talk so much about?

CITIZEN OF EBENSBURG—Yes, with pleasure. I presume it is the Singer Sewing Machine that you mean.

C.—Yes, that's the name of it.

C. OF E.—Well, just down there two doors east of Zahm's store, is the place, and my word for it you will be well pleased with your purchase if you get one of those machines. Messrs. BAILEY & TATE, the agents, have now on hand all styles and sizes of these indispensable machines, from the cheapest to the most valuable, and are accommodating gentlemen who will be pleased to show you the ins and outs of their various machines, whether you desire to buy or not. They also keep thread, needles and all the other paraphrenalia of a sewing machine, and are at all times prepared to attend to the repairing of machines in a substantial and satisfactory manner, and at very moderate rates. Don't forget the place—High street, two doors east of Zahm's store, Ebensburg [4-24.-tf.]

**A CARD.**

**EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY.**

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., are much higher than they really are we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following

LIST OF PRICES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Blankets | $3.50 per pair. |
| Flannels | 30 and 35 cts. per yard. |
| Cassimeres | 50 cts. per yard. |
| Satinetts | 50 cts. per yard. |
| Carding and Spinning | 20 cts. per lb. |
| Carding | 7 " " " |

T. M. JONES & SONS,
July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

**G. W. YEAGER & CO.,**

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of

**TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,**

AND DEALERS IN

**Heating, Parlor and Cooking Stoves,**

*No. 1402 Eleventh Avenue,*

**Altoona, Pa.**

ROOFING and SPOUTING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to, and polite attention accorded to all, whether they purchase or not.

Altoona, Sept. 5, 1873.-tf.

P. A. SHOEMAKER.....WM. H. SECHLER.

**SHOEMAKER & SECHLER,**

Attorneys-at-Law,

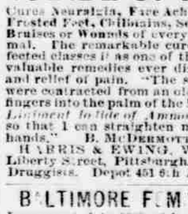
[9-1.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.]

J. GALLITZIN LAKE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with [illegible]

*NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.*

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,**

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.



Among the great discoveries of modern science, few are of more real value to mankind than this effectual remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A vast trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of **Consumption,** cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing **Coughs,** the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves unnumbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defence; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centred on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome **Influenza** and painful **Bronchitis,** when they know how easily they can be cured.

Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.

PREPARED BY

**Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,**

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

**GILES' LINIMENT IODIDE OF AMMONIA**

TRADE MARK

Cures Neuralgia, Face Ache, Rheumatism, Gout, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Bruises, Wounds of every nature in man or animal. The remarkable cures this remedy has effected classes it as one of the most important and valuable remedies ever discovered for the cure and relief of pain. "The sinews of my left hand were contracted from an old abscess, drawing the fingers into the palm of the hand. I applied *Giles' Liniment Iodide of Ammonia.* It relaxed them so that I can straighten my fingers and use my hands." B. MCDERMOTT, 49 W. 13 St., N. Y.

HARRIS & EWING, Wholesale Agents, 341 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. For sale by all Druggists. Depot 451 6th Ave., N. Y.

**BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE,**

Incorporated in 1849 with authority to confer degrees, and endowed by the State of Maryland in 1859. The College is beautifully situated in a grove, within the city limits, on a lofty eminence that commands a view of the country, the city, the river and bay for many miles. The College has a good library chemical and philosophical apparatus, cabinet of minerals, medals, coins, gems, etc., and the course of instruction is thorough. Board and tuition $250 per annum.

N. C. BROOKS, LL. D., President.

THE MARVEL OF THE WORLD Bethesda Water —It has restored thousands from the brink of the grave; given health and strength to those deemed beyond the reach of all medical science, and turned the path of affliction to one of happiness in the blessings within its virtues. It cures the deadly Bright's disease and Diabetes; eradicates all diseases of the kidneys; restores the urinary organs to strength and power—in a word, it is a natural restorer of health, and has performed the most wonderful and miraculous cures of any known specific on the globe. Address, for circulars, etc., Capt. EUGENE R. HENDRY, Waukesha, Wis

**GREAT OFFER!!**

Ten Steel Reproductions of famous pictures, original engravings worth $15.

"A Woman in Armor," a thrilling story of American home life; price in book form, $1.25.

Ten short stories a rich variety of miscellaneous reading, and over 75 pages of rare pictures.

All the above included in the offer of HEARTH AND HOME TWO MONTHS ON TRIAL. Sent postpaid for only fifty cents. The great illustrated weekly magazine. Price reduced to $2.50 per year. Single number 5 cents. At news stands or by mail. Great inducements to agents and clubs. THE GRAPHIC CO., Publishers, Park Place, N.Y.

**$5 CASH** and the N. Y. Saturday Journal, the Great Literary Weekly of America, for one year for the Regular Subscription Price, $3. *Postage Paid.* **VIZ:** Names entered imparially as received, and **Five Dollars Cash** sent at once to every fifth subscriber. Clubs of five (at $3 each) *may retain the $5!* This is our "chromo"—a Cash premium of $5 to every fifth subscriber! The firm name is a sufficient guaranty of fairness and fulfillment. Send money order or registered letter to BEADLE & ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William Street, New York.

**TEAS** —The choicest in the world.—Importers' prices—Largest Company in America—staple article—pleases everybody—Trade continually increasing—Agents wanted everywhere—best inducements—don't waste time—send for Circular to ROBERT WELLS, 43 Vesey St., N. Y., P. O. Box 1287.

**$77** A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their own locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars Free. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

**EPILEPSY or FITS.**

A SURE CURE for this distressing complaint is now made known in a Treatise (of 48 octavo pages) on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by DR. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any druggist. A copy sent free to all applicants by mails. Address DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

GEO. L. PEABODY & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

**SEEDS, GRAIN, FLOUR, &c., &c.,**

*325 Liberty Street,*

[1-15.-3m.] **Pittsburgh, Pa.**

**PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY FOR SALE.**

COMPLETE in all its departments. Best location in the two cities, having a large and an established custom. Will be sold at a great bargain. Price, $1,200. For particulars call on or address immediately, W. J. SAUERS, Jeweler No. [illegible] Street, Allegheny City, Pa. [2-1-3m.]


## THE SCARLET SPECTRE.

I can tell you a story that you may not believe; yet stranger things happen every day; and I will tell you just as it was, just as I see it before me now, written in characters that cannot be effaced.

I am sitting at the window, looking out upon the lighted street. It is a clear, cold evening after the storm. The snow has been falling for twelve hours, but now the last flake is down; and the wind is rising, scattering the fleecy white, baring the earth in some places, that it may put a ten fold covering upon others. The flickering firelight is casting dancing shadows over the wall of my room; but the genial warmth will hardly keep out the chill, as I sit and think of the story I am to tell.

It was just such a night as this, five years ago. There were three of us lounging about the office of the detective police in the city of Frankfort; and the chief, whose name was Karl Bunson, sat at his desk. Max, grown gray in the service, was by the fire smoking his pipe, as usual, and, no doubt, conceiving some new plan for "working up" different cases. In the corner was another veteran whose name was Stein, the best fellow that ever caught a rogue, and the shrewdest detective in the whole force. I was sitting by the window, just as I am to-night, only I was thinking of nothing in particular, but watching the passers as they toiled through the snow, homeward bound.

There was nothing to break the stillness of the room but the scratching of the chief's pen as he wrote—wrote—wrote; and seemed that it never would stop. The dropping of a pin to the floor, or the foot-fall of a mouse, would have produced a distinct and a welcome sound.

I never knew what impelled me to turn my eyes toward the door, for there was no sound—no indication of the entrance of any one; yet there stood the most beautiful woman I ever saw. Her great mournful eyes—I shall never see the like again—were turned full upon the chief; he knew nothing of it, and her hands were raised in supplicant attitude, as if craving some boon that he alone could grant. Her head was adorned with a profusion of soft brown hair, which fell carelessly over her shoulders, giving her a wierd, unnatural appearance that was startling, and enveloping her person was a cloak like garment of the brightest scarlet hue.

Max was puffing away at the everlasting pipe, taking not the slightest notice of the visitor; Stein had turned his face to the wall, while the chief still kept his pen in motion, not once lifting his eyes from the page. Was it possible that I was the only one who saw her? If so, it became my duty to learn her wishes. I was hastening to her, when my steps were arrested by a groan of bitterest anguish from the chief. He had whirled about on his stool, and sat facing the door, his eyes widely staring, his hands clasping the desk, and his whole aspect one of the most terrible agony.

"Quick, Herman!" he cried to me. "She must not leave me again. Do not let her go. There she is going! Too late, Herman!"

Impressed by his earnestness, I turned again to the door, but the strange being was nowhere to be seen.

I sprang forward, threw open the door, and rushed into the passage. Before I reached the outer door, I was sure I heard the rustling of female garments and was equally positive I felt a touch upon my arm, I reached out my hands, and grasped—nothing. Almost stupefied with astonishment, I closed and bolted the door, and then called for Max, for Stein, for the chief, for any one, to bring a light. Stein answered with a lantern. I snatched it from him, and searched everywhere, but found nothing.

"I'll tell you what, Herman," whispered Stein, glancing towards the office door to see that the chief was not there, "you had better leave this affair to some other hand."

"I am not afraid to try my hand at it." I replied, somewhat annoyed at his manner.

"You'll wish you hadn't, Herman. It was no woman."

"What do you mean, Stein?"

"I mean, Herman, that you have been chasing a spirit—a spectre—a real ghost."

"Stein, don't be a fool," said I, vexed at what I then considered the most stupid superstition that ever cursed mankind.

"I'll give you the same advice, Herman," was his reply. "But if you are really earnest in your belief that she is a living woman, I'll say no more."

Max was of the same opinion; and I was not surprised, for I knew that he had a good deal of superstition in his nature. But when Karl Banson told me seriously that we had witnessed a visitation from the land beyond the grave, I knew not what to think.

"Yes, Herman, it was a spirit, a ghost or whatever you may chose to name it," said he solemnly. "I would give everything I am or hope to be in this world if I could know it was not so; but it is no use. We shall meet again only as we have met to-night."

What could I say? I could not tell him that she was a living reality, yet I believed it. I could only press his hand in silence, and pray that the great sorrow, unknown to all save him who bore it, might be lifted.

After that we maintained a perfect silence on the painful subject, yet there was not a day—no, nor an hour—that I did not think of the mysterious being. I heard the office door open without thinking of her; but it was a full year before she came again.

It was in the evening, as before. There was no sound of footsteps, nor of opening doors; but there she stood, in the same suppliant attitude, her matchless eyes fixed on the careworn but handsome countenance of our chief Karl Bunson.

I did not wait for instructions. I cleared the space between us at a bound, yet I was too late. She had left the room, but how I could not tell. I hastened through the passage, conscious of a flighting presence just before me, yet out of reach. Out into the street, still guided by that unseen presence; I mounted behind a carriage that was just starting away from the door. After passing through many streets, the driver halted before a house well known to me.

Without giving me time for thought, that man got down from his seat, and went to the door of the carriage. From my perch I peered around the corner of the vehicle; but in my eagerness to see the strange being who had seemed to lead me on, I forgot my usual caution. My hand slipped its hold, and I fell awkardly to the pavement, disclosing my presence and startling the driver. He closed the door with a bang that sounded like the report of a score of muskets, while I slipped away in the darkness.

I returned to the office in a much cooler frame of mind, and I could not help smiling when I thought of what I had done. I had rushed out of the office like a madman; I had stolen a ride upon Archibald Randal's carriage, and when I stopped before the house, I had capped my adventure by tumbling to the ground. Yet, after all this, I had discovered nothing.

The chief was waiting for me.

"Well, Herman? But I need not ask—I know it never can be."

He leaned his head upon his desk, and great sobs shook his frame. What caused such agony? I dared not ask him, but I pitied him. After a while he looked up, and brushed the hair off his forehead.

"There, Herman. I know it seems foolish, but I cannot help it. It is all over now and I must go. You are going with me, aren't you? You know we are engaged for Randal's to-night."

I felt very little inclined to go anywhere, and least of all to Archibald Randal's; but I knew the chief would not go without me, so I told him I was ready.

There was a very pleasant company assembled, yet I felt ill at ease. The beautiful bewitching face of the lady in scarlet, or the Scarlet Spectre, as Stein persisted in calling her, was continually before me, reminding me of Karl Bunsen's unhappiness, I could not be merry while he was sad.

I did succeed in throwing off my gloominess long enough to enjoy a brief tete-a-tete with our host's pretty sister, Maud Randal, but it ended abruptly.

I became conscious of a strange sound coming from without the room. I heard it only when my head came in contact with the wall, and at first so very faint that I could not liken it to anything. After awhile I detected the tones of a human voice. There would have been nothing surprising in that, had I not been leaning against the outer wall of the house.

How were the sounds conducted through that mass of stone? From whence did they come? These were the questions that coursed through my brain as I sat there, entirely forgetful of the young lady I had been striving to entertain; but they were not answered.

I listened—the voice growing more and more distinct as my ear became accustomed to the sound.

"No, madam," spoke the voice, "I would sooner take your life."

Then came an answer, clear and distinct, but in a different tone of voice:

"You dare not, sir; one murder is enough."

A short, hard cruel laugh came from the first speaker, and then all was still again.

I was pleased when I saw the chief approaching, for I was making sorry work at entertaining Maud Randal. I gave him my seat, and I had the satisfaction of seeing his head resting against the tell tale-spot.

For a moment there was no change in his manner; but presently his face grew a shade whiter, his eyes seemed to glisten wildly, and, by the upheaving of his chest, I saw that his breathing was short and painful. I knew that the mysterious voice from the wall had reached his ears.

As soon as he could leave, he beckoned me to follow.

"Herman, I shall go crazy, if this lasts much longer. It is horrible! I cannot bear it! O, Herman, if I have been in the wrong!"

I had no comfort for him, so I waited until he grew calm again.

"Say nothing of this, Herman," he added in something like his natural voice. "Be ready for business at noon to-morrow."

I asked no questions, and, during the walk to the office, not a word was spoken by either. As we separated for the night, he said, "O, Herman! you do not know how anxiously I wait for the morrow."

At the appointed hour on the following day I found Max and Stein ready, and together we went to Archibald Randal's house. Max and Stein were posted out of doors, with orders to intercept whoever should attempt to enter or leave. I followed Bunsen into the house.

"Herman," he said, and his voice was husky and unsteady, "I cannot go down there," pointing to a door opening out of the hall.

"I will go, Karl."

"I will wait. If you need me, call and I shall hear. Search thoroughly, Herman, and I will try to be patient."

It was a dismal hole, that cellar under Archibald Randal's house, promising no pleasant task, nor startling discoveries. Yet I knew by the chief's manner that he was expecting to find something; and that was sufficient for me to know, or he would have told me more. I stumbled about among empty wine casks, peering into black, mouldy corners, sounding the walls with my heavy stick, and even the damp floor I tried, but nothing was revealed.

The last and only spot that I had not explored was a small, square vault, built into the side of the wall, a place black with darkness. I moved cautiously, for my lantern threw but a dim light before me, but I was entirely unsuspicious of the danger that menaced me. I groped my way through the small door, and stood within the vault.

Ere my eyes became accustomed to the intense darkness, I received a stunning blow in the face; and, before I could recover, my unseen assailant grappled with me, and together we went to the floor. My lantern was extinguished at the first onset, and there in the darkness, we struggled as only men can straggle for life.

My weapons were useless, for I could not get them; but I felt a sharp prick upon the cheek from my adversary's knife and felt the warm blood start. It roused me to a sense of my peril; and summoning all of my strength in one desperate effort, I thrust the villian from me. I drew my revolver and shouted, "Back, or I will send a bullet through your heart!"

No answer came to me. All was still as the grave. I stared into the darkness, expecting him to renew the attack.

I thought I heard a stealthy footfall right in front of me, and my finger was on the trigger; but, before I pressed it the vault was flooded with light, revealing a room beyond; and right before me, was my antagonist, Archibald Randal.

With a cry of baffled rage, he turned and fled through the door which had been opened so opportunely.

I followed, but I met a sight that halted me at the threshold. In the center of the room, in all her wondrous beauty, stood the Scarlet Spectre. Before I had recovered from my amazement, I felt a hand upon my shoulder—a hand so hot that it seemed to burn through my clothing. I had no fear; I did not even look around, for I knew it was the chief who stood behind me.

"O, God! my lost wife?" he moaned.

She heard his voice, and knew that he was there, though she had not seen him.

"Karl, Karl!" she cried, "have you come to save me at last? Come to me and take me from this living tomb! Come, Karl, for I am chained and cannot go to you!"

"God have mercy on me for the wrong my suspicions have caused her!" he exclaimed, casting me aside as if I were an infant, and rushing forward with open arms. "Forgive me, my Marion."

"I never blamed you, Karl," was her trusting reply, leaning forward to meet him. "I knew you would come."

There was but a step between them, when Archibald Randal raised the pistol, and deliberately took aim at the pure woman he had held in bondage so long; but heaven averted the blow. The ball, glancing against an iron plate, entered his own side, and Randal fell in the agonies of death.

This is all I ever knew of Karl Bunsen's wife. And I need not detail the last moments of Archibald Randal; but I will tell you of an old chimney, long out of use, that had its base in the prison cell of Marion Bunsen; and of a crevice in that chimney, in the room above, through which those mysterious sounds came to me.

The strange appearance of Marion Bunsen in our office I leave it as it is. I can offer no explanation, for the secret died with her.

---

A BANGOR man has invented a fire shield to prevent fires from leaping across a street on to adjoining buildings, and also to protect the firemen. The device is light and portable—two men can easily handle it—about fifty-four inches in width by six and one-half feet in height, with a protecting curve at the top, the whole being of galvanized iron. Near the center, and on a level with the eye, is an orifice some eight inches in diameter, which can be wholly closed or opened sufficently for the introduction of the nozzle of the hose when playing. The patent also includes the insertion of a small window of mica, through which the hoseman can watch the action of the flames while fighting the hottest fire in safety.

---

ONLY a woman's hair! Who has not some time in his life, picked such a golden thread from his best coat collar, and felt his heart beat the quicker for it? Organzed upon a tress laid away in some nook, and not felt the influence of tender memories? Only a woman's hair! and yet we don't like it as a bequest.

## SEVEN METALS.

In the discovery of the metals men first asserted their mastery over nature; yet the discovery is still progressing. Before the fifteenth century only seven were positively known. They were each held sacred among the ancients to some ruling deity. Gold—indestructible, malleable, the richest coloring, the most precious of decorations—was consecrated to Jupiter, or the sun, and had already assumed the supremacy which it has never lost. It was coined into the heavy daries of Persia and the aureus of imperial Rome. It was used to gild temples and statues, was wrought into rich jewelry and woven in delicate threads that enlivened the flowered stuffs of Babylon.

Gold mines and gold-bearing streams were found in Arabia, Syria, Greece, Italy and Spain, and the pursuit of the precious metal was carried on with various success by countless throngs of miners. The richest mines, at least in later ages, were those of Spain; and the enormous productiveness of the Spanish soil was slowly exhausted by the successive labors of the Carthagenians and the Romans. So successive was their industry that but little gold or silver can now be found in a territory where the precious metal once lay scattered in boundless profusion on the surface of the earth.

Silver ranked next to gold, and was named from the soft light of the moon. The richest silver mines were those of Spain. It was wrought into cups, vases, lamps; adorned the helmets and shields of warriors, and formed the costly mirrors with which the Roman ladies shocked the austerity of Lactantius or Jerome. The beautiful silver coins of the Greek and Roman cities filled modern collections. Five other metals—iron, copper, mercury, lead, and tin—were employed by the ancients for various purposes; they made steel by a rude process, and brass without discovering zinc.

For many years no addition was made to the sacred seven. Three thousand years passed away before it was suspected that the number could be increased—a memorable example of the slowness of human apprehension. At length, in 1490, antimony was added to the metallic family; and far off from the period of the discovery of a new world, the chemists were about to enter upon fresh fields of science scarcely less boundless or inviting.

A second metal, bismuth, came in almost with the Reformation. Zinc, perhaps the most important of the new family, may have preceded the others; it was certainly described long before. It is, indeed, quite curious to notice how the bright metal had been constantly forcing itself upon the attention of careful observers, and had yet been wholly overlooked, had been used by the ancients, in the form of an earth, to color copper into brass and give it a shining surface like gold, was seen dropping from the furnaces of the Middle Ages, or melted in rich flakes from their walls.

Two magicians or philosophers at last detected the error of ages; and Albertus Magnus and Paracelsus probably both discovered that zinc was as indestructible and as free from foreign substances as gold. It seemed a pure element. Paracelsus, who was fond of penetrating to the source of things, admits that he could not tell how the bright metal grew; nor in the height of their magic renown was it ever foreseen that the rare substance the sorcerers had discovered would one day shed knowledge in tongues of fire, from London to Japan.

Two centuries followed, during which no metallic substance was discovered. Paracelsus found no successor; Albertus, almost the first man of science in Europe, was remembered only as a sorcerer. It was not until 1733 that the vast field of metallic discovery began to open upon man. Two valuable and well-known metals—platinum and nickel—among several others, first appeared about the middle of the eighteenth century. The number of the metals now rapidly enlarged; galvanism lent its aid to dissolve the hardest earth, and at length, in the opening of the nineteenth century, a cluster of brilliant discoveries aroused the curiosity of science.

Each eminent philosopher seemed to produce new metals. Berzelius discovered three, Davy, the Paracelsus of his age, is the scientific parent of five—potassium, sodium, barium, strontium, calcium. The number advanced until already more than fifty metals, of various importance, have been given to the parts. The new experiments in light have been added, cæsium and rubidium, and no limit can now be fixed for the metallic family, which for so many ages embraced only seven members—the emblems of the ruling gods.

### A NEW SHOW.

Paris, the city of eccentricities, is about to witness the spectacle (vouchsafed by the manager of one of the theatres) of a man tatooed all over his body. He is a Greek by birth, at present aged forty-seven He was when young made a prisoner by a horde of Manchoux Tartars, who amused themselves by tatooing every part of his body in various colors. The torture he endured from the continual puncture of so many needles was indescribable. He often prayed for death. but he survived the trial, and he is now about to show the effect produced

---

It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight; for, as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had taken them to her embrace.

### LIBERTY VS. CUSTOM.

Among all the declarations of Liberty which American mankind are so fond of making it seems strange that there is no league, association, party, or other combination to defend honest men against worn-out or absurd customs.

For example, will any man tell me why I am forbidden by what he calls "good manners," to pour my tea into a saucer and cool it there? Much reproach has been heaped upon strong tea and coffee, which properly belongs to hot tea and coffee. Every one knows how much the efficient action of chemical agents are intensified by heat. Scalding tea is far worse than strong tea; but to be both scalding and strong is an attack upon the human body which no man ought to venture who has any regard for his health. But etiquette forbids me to cool my coffee in any other manner than by waiting. In the houses where the secret of making good coffee is known, cups should be like the human heart, large and deep, and in such cases the beverage will, like true affection, cool very slowly. Hence, one who does not wish to wait till the meal is over before drinking coffee, must either cool it in his saucer or drink it hot, or wait and drink it after breakfast, and all because of the absurd notion that it is not good manners to pour coffee into your saucer.

The spirit of "76" ought to rise with every afflicting gulp of hot coffee! The custom is wanton and cruel. It is tyranny over the inner man, carried on by force, if not by the sword. I count it therefore a duty to humanity to set at defiance the edicts of this liquid despot—hot drink. For the wellfare of mankind I refuse to burn my mouth or stomach. In behalf of mute devotees of etiquette, I raise a plea for relief.

Meanwhile endowed with courage, and armed with principle, I rejoice in pouring forth the fragrant liquid into a capacious saucer, and before the wondering eyes, to raise the beverage to my lips. Superstition is rebuked! Health is justified of her children.

Even more will be shocked when I avow myself as an advocate of the rights of the knife. Now, custom has reduced it to the mere function of cutting up one's food. That done, and a fork serves every other purpose. By practice, one gains unexpected dexterity in using a fork for purposes to which it is ill adapted. The Chinese, in like manner, make awkward chopsticks, rarely serviceable, by practice little short of ledgerdemain; but is that a good reason for the use of chop-sticks?

A fork, as now made, is unfitted to pierce any morsel upon its tines, and yet they are sharp enough to afflict the tongue if carelessly used. They are split so as to be useless for liquids, and yet they are used as if they were spoons. The fork compels the manipulator to poke and push and pile up the food-material, which tends to fall back and apart; it is made to pursue the dainty titbits, in which often the very core of flavor resides, around the plate in a hopeless chase, and at length a piece of bread is called in as an auxiliary, and thus, while the elim-legged fork, in one hand, is chasing a slim liquid mouthful, a wad of bread in the other goes mopping and sopping around to form a corner, and between the two is at length accomplished what is called genteel feeding.

Meanwhile, a broad knife is fitted for the very function which the fork refuses, and the wad of bread ill performs. The reason for refusing the knife as a feeding implement is worthy of the awkward practiced. It is liable to cut the mouth? no more than a fork is to stick into lip or tongue.

If men ate with razors, there would be some reason for avoidance. But table-knives are blunt-edged. It is even difficult to make them cut when one tries, and if they are properly used, the back of the blade will be turned to the mouth. We do not object to the fork; but we demand a restoration of the knife from banishment. We do not desire to enforce its use, but such a liberation as shall leave each one free to use the knife for conveying food to the mouth when that is most convenient, and the fork when that is preferred. Equal rights we demand for black and white, for home-born or emigrant, for rich and poor, for men and women, and for knives and forks.

---

OLD IRA THORNTON was a dreadfully mean man, and had difficulty, sometimes, in drawing his breath, because he begrudged the air necessary for that operation. One day the old fellow was at work upon the high beams of his barn, when he lost his balance and fell heavily upon the floor, twenty feet below, he was taken up for dead, with a fractured skull, and carried into the house. All forts to bring him to consciousness were unavailing, and the doctor was called. Finally, the doctor having trepanned him turned and asked Mrs. Thornton for a silver dollar to put in where the piece of skull was wanting. At this remark, Ira, who had been breathing heavily, turned in bed and groaned out "Wouldn't a cent do as well?"

---

A NEW METHOD of preparing coffee is becoming popular in France. After roasting, the coffee is ground to a very fine flour, which is then slightly moistened, mixed with twice its weight of powdered sugar, and pressed into tablets. Coffee prepared in this manner is claimed, pound for pound, to be susceptible of far more complete infusion.

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - March 5, 1875.


"THE whirligig of time" often works surprising wonders. In 1868, Andrew Johnson appointed A. S. Paddock, of Nebraska, Governor of Wyoming Territory. Last month, in the Nebraska Legislature, ex-Gov. Paddock was elected U. S. Senator over John M. Thayer, who voted for the impeachment of President Johnson. Now President Grant has appointed ex-Sen. Thayer Governor of Wyoming Territory.

WE were somewhat premature last week in announcing that the local option law had been repealed in the House, a statement to that effect in several of our exchanges having led us astray. We can now say, however, to a certainty that so far as the House is concerned the law referred to has been wiped from the statute books, the final vote on that question on Tuesday last standing 124 in favor and 54 against the repeal of that measure. What the Senate will do in the premises still remains to be seen.

THE annual election in New Hampshire will take place next Tuesday. A Governor, Legislature and members of Congress will be chosen. For some years past political parties in the Granite State have been pretty nearly equally divided. As was to have been expected, the canvass in that cold and frigid region has been a remarkably quiet one, although the Democratic press in the State very confidently predicts a victory for its candidates. We will see how well or how ill founded is its judgment as to the result.

FOSTER'S swindling Legislative Hand Book resolution, having been reported from the committee on printing, has passed the House, and, so far as the published proceedings show, without a single word of protest. As Foster informed us in his letter that "the members are *all very anxious* to have them (the Hand Books) for their constituents," we assume that the Senate will endorse the fraud. When the young son of the Swedish statesman, Oxenstiern, was about to make a journey through Europe to learn the ways of men, his father said to him, "Go forth, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed." If that youth was now contemplating a tour of observation through this politically debauched Republic, his illustrious parent might appropriately say to him, "Go, my son, in your travels to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and see by what 'ways that are dark and tricks that are vain' the Legislature of that State can plunder the treasury of the people."

A MINORITY REPORT on the Vicksburg troubles has been prepared by Representatives Speer of this State and O'Brien of Maryland, who draw a strong picture of the corruptions and oppressions of the colored officials, and say, among other things, that the whites pay about 99 per cent. of the taxes, and that the negroes chiefly assess, collect and disburse them; also, that the debt of the city, which was $13,000 in 1869, is now, as far as can be ascertained, $1 100,000; that Peter Crosby, the sheriff and tax collector, was the political and personal friend of the corrupt officials, and by his power in summoning juries their conviction was rendered practically impossible. The conflict of December 7th, resulting in the killing of two whites and twenty-four colored persons, was solely and wholly caused by the armed attempt of the negroes of Warren county to invade Vicksburg; that there is not and has not been any organized resistance at Vicksburg on the part of the whites to lawful authority, but on the contrary the white people, owning nearly all the property and paying nearly all the taxes, are sincerely desirous of preserving peace and good order. Their interests, social and business, give strength to this desire, and the patience they have exhibited under accumulated wrongs and outrages, such as citizens of a northern city would not tolerate for a day, is the marvel of our civilization.

THE Civil Rights bill as it passed the House, which we published two weeks ago, passed the Senate on Saturday last by a vote of 38 yeas to 26 nays—five Republican Senators voting in the negative with the Democrats. The effect of its passage will be to increase the disorganization of the radical party in the Northern States and to insure its certain defeat in every Southern State in the Union. Ever since the close of the war the radicals in Congress have been intent only on legislation that would secure a solid negro vote in their favor. While the passage of the bill may retain the vast bulk of the colored vote, it will split the Republican party in the North into fragments, and will prove to be the last straw placed on the camel's back.

What is known as the infamous Force bill passed the House, after a bitter struggle, by a vote of 135 yeas to 114 nays, on the same day the Civil Rights bill passed the Senate—*thirty-three* Republicans voting in the negative. That part of the bill authorizing the President to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* was amended so as to limit its operation to Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama. This bill, as is well understood, is intended to place the elections in the South under the absolute control of Grant, and thus enable him to carry out his third-term project, which is now an open secret. It is not believed that the bill can pass the Senate.

THE bills for the admission of Colorado and New Mexico into the Union as States, which passed the lower House of Congress at the last session, were passed by the Senate at the close of last week. Some amendments to them were adopted, in which it will be necessary for the House to concur. Already we have too many of what are called "rotten borough" States, and these two bills ought therefore not to have passed. The radical leaders, however, seeing that the political sceptre is about to depart from them, forced these two measures through Congress, believing that they will thereby secure *four* members of the United States Senate. But in this they are counting their chickens before they are hatched. New Mexico has twice elected a Democratic delegate to Congress, and last November Colorado gave the Democratic candidate a majority of 2,163.

It is a gross outrage and in every aspect unjust that Colorado with a population, according to the census of 1870, of only 39,864, should exercise the same numerical strength in the Senate as Pennsylvania with a population of *three millions and a half*, and that New Mexico with 111,303 should offset imperial New York with almost *four and a half millions*. Both these Territories combined have only population enough to elect *one* member of Congress under the present ratio of representation. This, of itself, ought to have prevented the passage of the bills to admit these two Territories as States. But, independent of this, who will say that the character of the population of New Mexico is such as to make it desirable that she should form one of the States of the Union? General Hazen, a competent judge, in speaking of the proposition to admit her as a State, says: 'Take away the army, its hangers-on, and the transient miners, and the remaining American population could sit in the shade of a good sized apple tree."

The vote on the constitution of each of these prospective States will not be taken until July, 1876, and they cannot therefore take part in the next Presidential election.

A CRIMINAL prosecution which was lately tried before Mr. Justice Brett, at the assizes held at Chester, England, met with a very different determination from most cases of a similar character. Mary Lancaster, the wife of a laboring man named John Lancaster, was convicted of the manslaughter of her husband. The deceased had long led the prisoner a wretched life, and one day came home drunk, kicked over the meat which she was preparing for dinner and cruelly beat her. The abused wife, in her anger, seized a sharpened steel, threw it at him, and unfortunately caused his death. Judge Brett evidently believes, with Shakespeare, that

"He who lays his hand upon a woman,
Except in the way of kindness, is a coward
Whom it were base flat ery to call a villian."

When Mary Lancaster was called before the Court to receive the judgment of the law for the offense of which she had been found guilty, Mr. Justice Brett, instead of passing sentence, addressed her as follows:

I believe that if I thought it right to act according to your own feelings I should say nothing about this unhappy husband of yours. As far as I can see, you were a respectable, hard-working, well behaved wife, and I feel bound to say a greater brute than your husband was I have seldom heard of. The depositions show that, even on the very last day you were together, you were doing all you could to make his home comfortable and to make him happy. It was only when he had driven you to desperation by ill-treating you that you, in a moment of passion, took up a formidable weapon and threw it at him—I believe, without the intention of striking him. It did strike him, and you immediately ran for assistance, and did all you could to save him. All the real right in this case was on your side—all the real wrong on your husband's; and God forbid that I should punish you. I will be no party to it. I will not even make this judgment complete. I will not allow it to be said by anybody that you are a convicted felon—for a conviction is not complete until a sentence is passed, and I mean to pass no sentence at all. (Loud cheering, which for some time the officials of the Court vainly endeavored to suppress.) I shall merely ask you to enter into your own recognizances to come up for judgment if called upon, and nobody in the world will ever call upon you—God forbid they ever should. (Cheering during which the prisoner left the dock.)

MAKING IT "FAT."—Those of our readers who receive and perse that interesting publication, *The Legislative Record*, will admit the truth of the following comments of a cotemporary upon the manner of its publication:

"The printer makes a line out of 'Boyd' and 'Long' in reading the yeas and nays, and thereby takes up a whole column with what should not consume more than one-third the space. (See page 495). Again, a brass dash creates a blank of one inch which should not be over one-third. (See page 447, any many others). The number in question has *three columns* of yeas and nays which should all be put in one column. This kind of work is a financial gain of 66 per cent. to the operator without any other improvement whatever, and will just deplete the state treasury unnecessarily to that amount. As a taxpayer of this commonwealth, we are opposed to this *sixty-six per cent.* slice. The publisher of the *Record* has no more right to charge the taxpayers for a whole column of matter, when he only gives one-third, than a farmer has to charge for a bushel of grain when he only measures out a half bushel."

—People who came to the conclusion a few months ago that Grant had abandoned his Third Term project, are beginning to change their opinions. Leading Republicans in Washington are beginning to freely admit that there is no doubt he will be a candidate in 1876. He has the party under his heel and the leaders dare not oppose his schemes. There are naturally enough men like Butler, Chandler and Carpenter, who have been repudiated by their constituents, anxious to help Grant along in the submission of the government as the only chance that now offers them for place and power, to make the scheme a formidable and dangerous one.

### *The Third Term in Congress.*

People who daily breathe the political atmosphere of Washington City, says the *World*, and people elsewhere who intelligently read the signs of the times, no longer speculate as to whether General Grant desires a third election to the Presidency. That he desires to be re-elected; that indeed he intends to be a candidate for re-election, is now seen as clearly as any object in the noon day sun by Democrats and Republicans alike, and by no man more clearly than by Mr. Speaker Blaine, whose remarkable fund of tact and shrewdness is steadily directed upon the knotty problem of making a political funeral for General Grant without sending the Republican party to the grave along with him. That he intends to have and to hold the chief place of power in the Government at least for four years after March 4, 1877, if the having and the holding of that place can be compassed by any means at his command, his own acts are daily placing beyond the doubt of men whom common sense teaches to believe that motives for such decisive and persistent action. He has been piteously implored by leading men of the Republican party to disavow these dangerous aspirations, but he has remained sullenly mute while the third-term scheme, like the artificial car of Juggernaut, has gone over them one after the other, from Fox to Chandler. The people have placed their seal of condemnation on Grant's unsurpations in Louisiana, and, being rebuked for reversing the Louisiana election of 1872, he has responded by sending Sheridan to New Orleans to reverse the election of 1874. To relax his hold upon the power whereon he has once laid his hand is a thing which no admonition can teach him to do. With bull-dog tenacity he holds his grip upon the throat of Louisiana, as he aims to hold it upon the throat of the American Republic until he shall finally be choked off. He has openly shown his contempt for the Republican party, and has mercilessly snubbed the few men who have evinced a desire to make the Republican party something else than an appendage to Grant. And yet in the pretended interests of that party he demands that Congress shall make him military dictator over the whole country, with a specially implied license to revolutionize the entire South to the end that the Republican party may be perpetuated in power. He has not only sent Sheridan to New Orleans for the purpose of smothering the voice of the people of Louisiana as it is uttered at the polls, but he has placed him in command of a military district which includes the State of Arkansas. Two weeks ago he asked Congress to take the responsibility for giving Sheridan work to do in Arkansas and in other Southern States; and his Third-Term spokesmen in the House of Representatives are now urging Congress to take the responsibility, as it is asked to do. More than this, he has very plainly intimated that unless Congress takes strong and decided action to the contrary he will at an early day set Sheridan at work in his third-term campaign. The pretext that there is need for fresh military interference at the South is altogether too thin. The President's Arkansas message is public notification that the third-term campaign is fairly opened. Every Republican in Congress who has half the brains sufficient to justify him in being there knows what is meant by this Arkansas message and the bill proposed in accordance with it. The responsibility of approving or condemning this third-term manifesto is adroitly but heavily laid upon Congress. The responsibility cannot be shirked. What does the Republican majority in Congress propose to do about it?

NO LEGAL MARRIAGE SINCE 1852.—It has just been discovered that the Indiana marriage law of 1852 (under which all matrimonial contracts have been made since that date) is unconstitutional, null and void, and, consequently, all marriages under that law are illegal.

The discovery was made by T. J. Trusler and O. N. Eddy, clerks employed in the Secretary of State's office. Article four of the constitution, on the legislative branch of the government, provides that all laws shall begin: "Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana," etc. In some of the limited volumes of the statutes this enacting clause has been inserted, but in the enrolled copy of the law in the archive of the Secretary of State's office the enacting clause has been omitted in violation of the constitution, and hence the illegality of the law. The law was passed March 5, 1852, when John W. Davis the present member from Floyd, was the Speaker of the House, and the famous Jim Lane President of the Senate, and Joseph A. Wright Governor, and it was signed by all these gentlemen, as the constitution requires, without the discovery of the error. This act provides, among other things, that no white man shall marry a woman with one-eighth of negro blood in her veins; and there are now men serving in the penitentiary for violating this provision, which is illegal. By proper legal process they can be released immediately, and if the old law of 1843 is binding, in view of the fact that an illegal enactment cannot repeal a legal and sound law, then these men can be released, for the law of 1843 permits a marriage between a white and one-half negro. A bill is to be introduced in the Legislature immediately to legalize all marriages since 1852.

—One of the events of the past week in Congressional circles was the somewhat startling and significant course taken by Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut. During the debate on what is termed the Force Bill, this distinguished gentleman took occasion to say that "he had been all his life a radical in politics, but the time had come when he had seriously to consider whether he could go on with his radical associates. He did not like to part company with them, but he had to do it. He could not agree to put any further or greater power in the hands of the President."

THE iniquitous Force bill did not get a hearing in the Senate prior to the final adjournment yesterday, 4th inst., at 12 o'clock. Thus has a most foul and wicked conspiracy against personal liberty, with Grant at its head, failed of its infamous purpose.

### *About the Dead Giant.*

Mr. James Murphy, jr., a giant who has been keeping a restaurant at 151 South Chester street, on Fell's Point, in this city, for a year or so past, died early yesterday morning of a bronchial affection or consumption. Mr. Murphy was born in Waterford, Ireland, and was therefore a full-blooded Irish giant, and a large one, standing nearly eight feet in his stockings. He was thirty-three years of age and unmarried. Some months ago, when he was in comparatively good health, he weighed 351 pounds. He had weighed more when his health was better. He had been in this country twenty-four years, having been brought here by his father and mother, who still live at the house on Chester street. The giant traveled three years with Barnum as one of the great living curiosities of the world. In his professional career he visited every part of this country, from Maine to California and the extreme South. After terminating his engagement with Barnum, the giant traveled with a circus, where he contracted the bronchial disease which finally ended his life. When in good health, he had a fresh, pleasant face, and, like all large men, and particularly all giants except those of the story books and nursery tales, was as amiable as he was great in stature. He had a very youthful expression of countenance, coal black hair, and his hands were so large that one of them could cover the head of an ordinary man, just as an ordinary hand would cover an orange. His feet were not so large proportionately as the hands, but beside an ordinary shoe one of his shoes would seem to be a sufficient habitation for "the old woman" of the story book, who "had so many children she did not know what to do." When the undertaker came to measure the dead giant for his coffin it was found that the deceased was full eight feet long. Surely the measure of man is correctly known when he is dead. The coffin will be nearly eight and a half feet long. The body was visited by hundreds of people yesterday, the giant being well known on Fell's Point, where he was justly esteemed for his amiability, especially by the children who, after the first shrinkage, generally liked to be taken in his arms and elevated so far above the heads of their parents as he could conveniently hold them. Some of the little boys in the neighborhood knew him only by the name of "The Giant." The body lay in a small room, about twelve feet square, against the south wall, feet towards the west, stretching almost across the apartment, from side to side. Candles were burning at the head and foot and sides of the corpse, which was covered with a black pall, with a large white cross on the breast and crosses in the corners of the cloth. The father of the giant, who is sixty-five years of age, probably older, is a large man. When at his best he stood over six feet in his stockings, though he is now a little bent. The mother is not a large woman, being not above the medium size for the sex. She is nearly her husband's age. Both the old people are in good health, and seem vigorous for their years. Including the giant, they have had born to them five sons and three daughters. One son only is alive. Some of the children were undersized. Only one, a son, attained to the size of the father, except the giant, who exceeded the growth of the parent by nearly two feet. The funeral will take place on Monday, and the burial will be in the cemetery of the Holy Cross.—*Baltimore Sun*, Feb. 27.

### *The Black Hills.*

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, Feb. 27.—A Sioux City *Journal* says: Eph Witcher, a well known citizen of Sioux City, member of a recent expedition to the Black Hills, arrived at Yankton to-day. He reports having left his companions at the stockade of the expedition within two miles of Haney's Peak on the Box Elder creek on the third instant.

Witcher says the expedition was composed of twenty-seven men, one lady and her son: There were six wagons, well armed, some mounted and supplied with provisions and mining tools. The expedition left here October 6th, struck Nebraska creek, about a hundred and twenty miles above its mouth, followed the stream some distance, then struck across the country to a point east of the Black Hills. At the Cheyenne river was a party of two hundred mounted Indians; held a peaceable parley with them. After reaching an apparent pass at the foot of the hills, they struck into the mountains, and after picking their way, reached a point within two miles of Haney's peak. In fifteen days from the date of their entry into the hills, they erected a stockade eighty feet long and built log cabins from an abundant supply of timber that they found. The cold weather greatly impeded their prospecting. They sunk twenty-five prospect holes and

STRUCK GOLD IN EVERY INSTANCE.

From the grass to the bed of the rock they found numerous gold and silver bearing quartz lodes, and the specimens Mr. Witcher has brought back are pronounced very rich. The party never saw an Indian while in the hills.

Mr. Witcher describes parts of the hills they saw as having magnificent valleys seemingly limitless, forests of pine, abundance of elk, deer and other game. The greater portion of the return trip was made through snow drifts over a trackless country in the most stormy and severe weather. They discovered in coming out of the hills what has been named Witcher pass, a good natural wagon road. This shortens the way out of the hills by thirteen days.—Their animals lived on the grass they found beneath the snow. Another says he can take loaded ox teams into the hills from Sioux City in thirty days. Members left in the hills are in good health and spirits. Witcher returned for reinforcements. He says there is no evidence of other parties being in the hills. Gordon, who came with him part of the way, was delayed by a horse giving out. Nothing was heard or seen of the two disastrous army expeditions sent out to intercept them.

DEATH OF A MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER.—Daniel Schock, 55 years old, was found dead in his room in Cincinnati on Friday evening last. Though having his home in the very heart of the city, he was practically a hermit. Eight months ago he rented a little hovel in the rear of a Fifth street store, into which he moved his scanty effects, and thus, hidden in a dirty back yard from all observation, he lived entirely alone, seeming to have no amusment or occupation but smoking his pipe. Promptly on the 21st of each month he paid his rent, took a receipt and said nothing. Last month the 21st came on Sunday. The landlord did not expect him, but when he did not come on Thursday the landlord went to inquire what was the matter, and found the door locked on the inside. Entering, he found the man dead on a cot. He had been dead perhaps twenty-four hours. From letters found it appears that he has brothers and sisters living in Huntingdon county, Pa. Promissory notes, amounting to over $2,500, were found in his trunk, and $20 in money. The interior of the room was wretchedly filthy, and the body was covered with vermin. He is said to have been a man of wealth years ago, who lost by going security for others, and becoming morose, chose this miserable mode of life. The hovel was so completely hidden that a board fence had to be broken down to allow the coffin to be carried out.

### *Pennsylvania Railroad Report*

In accordance with the suggestion of the special committee of stockholders appointed at the last meeting of the board of directors of the Pennsylvania railroad, that company publish in advance for the information of the stockholders the twenty-eighth annual report, which will be presented at the annual meeting of the company, to be held on March 9th. The report gives the operations of the main line, its branches and leased roads for the year 1874, and makes a very gratifying exhibit. The gross earnings of all the lines east and west of Pittsburgh during the year were $962,938,251.26; expenses, including rentals, interest, dividends, etc., $3,422,645.29; net earnings, $33,525,705.97. The earnings of the main line and its Pennsylvania branches were $22,642,371.35; expenses, including rentals, $12,701,518.29; net earnings after paying rentals, $9,396,924.28; showing a decrease in the net earnings of $48,779.46 as compared with the figures of the year previous.

The report also gives in detail the operations of the leased roads, the coal companies and other interests controlled by the company. It is noted that the united railroads and canals of New Jersey show very gratifying results compared with those of 1873, they having met every liability under the lease except $31,161, while in 1873 the net loss under lease was $685,789.79. The report speaks of the general depression in the business of the country during the whole of the past year.

The result as shown upon the traffic of the lines has been a diminution in the tonnage of the main road of 880,372 tons, being a decrease of 8 8-10 per cent. as compared with the traffic moved in 1873, and a consequent reduction in revenue. Large reductions have, however, been made in the expense of maintaining and operating the lines, thus enabling the board to present results which they consider very satisfactory.

The report also speaks of the improvements made during the year, and says that it is proposed by the board that the entire floating debt of the company shall be paid off during 1875, by disposing of securities that are no longer of value for the purpose of controlling the roads by which they were used. A tabular statement relative to the line west of Pittsburgh show that the net result after paying all leases and other rentals, interest, liabilities of every nature, working expenses, etc., is a surplus profit of $844,338.43 which sum is more than seven per cent. on the entire capital stock of the Pennsylvania Company.

The report makes a mere reference to the controversy going on relative to the Baltimore and Ohio road, and says that it is hoped with a thorough understanding of everything pertaining to the question proper results may be arrived at.

The report concludes by saying that the board has concluded to adopt, as a general policy, that no further extension of lines should be made or obligations be assumed by the company, either by lease or otherwise, except to complete the several small branches and extensions now in progress in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

### *A Terrible Catastrophe.*

An awful calamity occurred in New York on Thursday evening of last week. St. Andrew's church stands on the north side of Duane street, near Chatham. Just east of it, on Duane street, and adjoining it, is a tall, narrow store, six stories in height, whose interior was consumed by fire on the 12th of January, leaving its iron front and brick side walls standing. St. Andrew's church, a Catholic place of worship, is a low, large structure, seating about fifteen hundred people. Between this low-roofed church and the western side-wall of the tall, deep store left standing since the fire of January 12th was a space of some two or three feet.

Thursday evening the congregation of the church assembled for services and had gone through the prayers and chants, and Father Carroll, of St. Stephen's church, was in the pulpit, in the midst of a discourse which rose to an unusual pitch of solemnity, as if some mysterious premonition were operating on the mind of the preacher. He was speaking of death, and warning the dense congregation of the fearful danger of postponing preparation for that event, when, with dreadful suddenness, his discourse was interrupted by a loud, stupefying crash, followed in a second or two by another. The wild amazement and frantic terror which ensued defies description.—Those stupendous crashes came through the roof on the east side of the building, bringing down portions of the roof and a heavy, crushing mass of loose bricks upon the heads of the people in the gallery on that side. In the consternation, astonishment and horror which seized that crowded congregation, persons in the gallery leaped over upon the heads of the people in the pews, and there was a tumultuous rush towards the doors, in which many were either squeezed and crushed to death or dreadfully injured. In the confusion nobody knew how many had been killed or how many wounded in the gallery by the weight which came down upon their heads with the falling roof.

On examination it was found that the following persons had been killed: Michael Murray, aged 35; Rose McGlynn, aged 51; Michael McCarty, aged 20; Mary A. Conner, aged 25; Catharine McGinness, aged 50; Michael Feeny, aged 15, and twenty-six wounded.

The cause of this horrible affair, which came without warning and with such terrible swiftness upon that peaceful religious assembly, is apparent from the above description of the locality. The long, high, western wall of the six-story burned building, left standing since the fire of the 12th of January, had suddenly fallen upon the low roof of the church, breaking through and driving down the heavy incumbent mass upon the heads of the people in the gallery directly underneath.

STARVED TO DEATH.—A touching incident took place at Bellevue on Friday of last week, the sad reality of which sets romance completely in the shade.

A man named Dagger, living in that vicinity, who had been out of employment for some time past, and who has vainly sought work until weary of the endeavor, gravitated into a Lackawanna avenue basement, where he spent the greater part of his nights and days, while his wife and little ones were left to sit, cold, hungry and unprovided for, by a neglected hearth. On Friday last one of the children, who was formerly a bright, interesting girl, but whose worn, sad face now told a tale of want and misery, worn out with hunger, was stricken down on a bed of sickness. A charitable neighbor named Mrs. Hale, hearing of the little one, called and brought her something to eat, in the shape of an oyster stew. The child devoured it ravenously, until at length Mrs. Hale, seeing her eat so greedily, took the food away and laid the girl down to rest. The famished child clamored for more, but discretion dictated that it would be dangerous for her just then to get any more. A few minutes later the child was seized with the paroxysms of a most acute pain. It was the pain of death. In less than half an hour afterwards the little sufferer was a corpse. When the father returned home a sad picture met his gaze. His little one had died of hunger, and his wife upbraided him bitterly on entering; the scene was a bitter one, indeed, to which no words can do ample justice.—*Scranton Republican*, 22d.

### *News and Political Items.*

—A man supposed to be Bender, the Kansas murderer, has been arrested in Florence, Arizona.

—The New York *Sun* expresses the opinion that whatever the verdict may be, Plymouth Church will continue to adhere to Beecher.

—The Pittsburg *Post* says Grant will require another increase of salary if Congress persists in raising the tax on whiskey to ninety cents a gallon.

—Little Ralph Tilton, about whose paternity a doubt was raised in the statements and testimony in the great scandal case, is reported dying.

—Anthony Martin, employed at the Diamond shaft near Wilkesbarre, jumped on a cog-wheel in motion, Friday morning, and was instantly torn to pieces.

—An Ohio man has been snatched from a drunkard's grave eighty-nine times.—Since the election he's been going on as if he wanted to be snatched some more.

—At the funeral of John Barnes, who died at Bristol, England, a few days ago, aged 106, the coffin was followed by his grandson, who is himself a grandfather.

—In England, recently, a tin of beef, which had been prepared for the soldiers in the Crimea in 1856, was recently opened, and its contents found perfectly sound and wholesome.

—There is one case on the court callender in New York City against William M. Tweed to recover $11,000,000 alleged to have been stolen by him or persons connected with him.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has agreed to make a reduction of 25 per cent. on pine and 35 per cent. on hemlock lumber freight, from the Clearfield lumber region eastward.

—Daniel Martin, of Scattleboro, Ala., aged seventy-six years, was recently married to a little girl of thirteen years, resident of Jasper, Tenn. The cold snap was too much for him.

—They build very large residences out West. An Iowa paper says: "It's only twenty-one years since the first house was erected in Burlington, and now it contains 20,120 inhabitants."

—All of those injured by the disaster at St. Andrew's church, in New York, on Thursday night, are reported to be doing well except Patrick Laville, who was fatally injured in the spine.

—A wonderful exhibition has been opened at Brussels. It is a collection of about 100 landscapes of great merit painted by a boy named Fritz Kerehove of Bruges, who died an idiot at eleven years of age.

—The Texas Legislature proposes to make it a penal offence for a person to walk on a railroad. If Legislatures go on in this manner there will soon be no way in which a man can legally make a fool of himself.

—An Omaha woman lifted a barrel of flour from the ground into a wagon on a Tuesday, gave birth to twins on the day following and on Saturday of the same week split wood enough to last over Sunday.

—A lady of Easton, Talbot county, it is said, has in her possession a valentine which was sent to her grandmother in 1776, and as it will be just a hundred years old at the right time, it is proposed to exhibit it at the centennial next year.

—The hunting for Indians' skulls and thigh bones on the Plains is reported to be a very profitable business. The skulls are worth $1.25 for combs, and the thigh of the red man makes knife-handles that are equal to ivory in appearance.

—There is a young girl in Dubuque who whistles so sweetly that people come from long distances to hear her. She has been offered $100 a week and expenses to travel and perform in public, but her parents are well off and refuse their consent.

—It is simply absurd to talk about a woman being qualified to fill every position in life that a man fills. For instance, what woman could lounge around the stove in a country grocery store, and lie about the number of fishes she caught last summer?

—Senator Nye, of Nevada, used to be famous for his jovial spirits. He was a fellow of infinite jest, and was wont to set the Senate in a roar, and now he has been found wandering in the street of Richmond in attire of the night, helpless and dazed.

—Perhaps one ought not to mention such things, says the *Courier-Journal*, but it's hard to keep from thinking how different the history of this country might have been if Ulysses S. Grant, Benjamin F. Butler, and Henry Ward Beecher had been born girls.

—Of all the women named in connection with the Beecher case, Mrs. Moulton was the only one who seemed animated by a downright spirit of honesty, and who gave the pastor really brave counsel; and upon her, therefore, is likely to fall the fury of resentment.

—Mrs. Timothy Gibson, an Irish woman about fifty years of age, was found frozen to death in the street at Springfield, Mass., on Sunday morning. She was out with her husband on Saturday night, partially intoxicated, and wandered away from him and lost her way.

—The Dominion Parliament is considering a bill which imposes a fine of $2,000 upon any railroad company that employs a man who is found intoxicated when on duty. The principle has been tried on the Grand Trunk Railway, and has been found to work admirably.

—The Legislature has passed and Gov. Hartranft has approved an act imposing $10,000 fine and twenty-five years' imprisonment upon any person or persons who may conceal, or know of the concealment of, an abducted child, with special *ex post facto* reference to the Charlie Ross case.

—When the item in the sundry appropriation bill giving $10,000 for Miss Ransom's portrait of Gen. Thomas at Chickamauga, and $20,000 for Carpenter's emancipation picture, was reached Friday, the House refused to consider either. Hiester Clymer, of this State, is credited with defeating the appropriations.

—An Indianapolis mother, whose daughter was soon to marry, told that female that she might select from a lot of furniture stored in the garret such articles as she desired for housekeeping. The old family cradle was found in the centre of the pile, and set aside in accordance with this permission.

—In order that Grant may keep a paid army at the South the people are asked to pay $8,000,000 in the form of increased tax on sugar; $4,000,000 on tobacco; and $8,000,000 on other manufactures of articles of necessity from cotton, wool, leather, iron and steel. Is radical administration worth the price of it?

—A French traveler arrived in Paris the other day from the Cape of Good Hope, bringing with him a diamond larger and more beautiful than the celebrated Regent's diamond. It is of the purest water, and is worth more than $1,400,000. It was found in an old abandoned mine called the Devil's Table.

—An undertaker in Washington township, Berks county, nine years ago made a coffin for a man who had formerly resided in that township, but who now lives in Reading. The casket occupies a place under the bed in the gentleman's sleeping apartment—ready for occupying whenever the angel of death visits him.

—At Bridgeport, New Jersey, a man named James Lattin is being tried for murder in the first degree, without a jury, at his own request; he preferring that the two judges shall hear the testimony and decide the case. While a prisoner has a legal right to be tried by the court alone, it is seldom that the right is exercised.

—One of the gentlemen injured in the accident at Mingo station, on the Pan Handle Railroad, Mr. Harvey Mann, of Bellefonte, Centre county, died at Steubenville on Friday evening, and his remains were taken east on the Pacific Express last Saturday. He was an axe manufacturer by trade, a single man, and aged thirty seven years.

—The San Francisco *Bulletin* says that the first piece of gold found which raised such a revolution on the Pacific coast is still to be seen. Its value is between four and five dollars. It resembles a piece of spruce gum just out of the mouth of a school girl, with similar indentations. It could easily be identified by any one who had even seen it.

—A member of the Legislature of North Carolina was last week expelled from that body for having written a pamphlet denying the existence of a Supreme Ruler of the Universe. A similar issue was made in New York during a recent trial, when a judge sustained an objection to the competency of a witness on the ground that the latter was an atheist.

—A strong-minded woman in Detroit made the following gentle reply to a politician who had called at her house to get her husband to go to the polls and vote: "No, sir; he can't go. He's washing now, and he's going to iron to-morrow; and if he wasn't doing anything he couldn't go. I run this 'ere house, I do; and if any one votes it 'll be this same woman."

—If William S. King, of Minnesota, can be indicted for perjury, as some profess to believe, then let the prosecution proceed at the earliest possible moment. King is the coolest rascal developed in politics for half a century. He is more aggravating by far than Boss Tweed. King should be exiled from society for a term of years, if their is any way of accomplishing that desirable feat.

—An important bill in relation to timber lands passed the House of Representatives at Washington early last week. It provides for the sale of lands in lots of forty acres in the Territories of the United States to any one person or association of persons, and in California, Oregon, and Washington Territory, it fixes the amount at 160 acres. It relates only to land which is valuable for timber.

—Mr. William J. Stoddard, insurance agent in San Francisco, has a horse with six perfectly formed feet, but only four legs. The two extra feet grow out of the fetlocks of the two fore legs, and though small, are fully developed. The horse, which was raised in Oregon, is five years old, stylish, and works in single and double harness. His extra feet cause him no inconvenience.

—How long will a locomotive last and be serviceable? An engine on the Reading road has been on duty since 1857, and has run in that time 475,783 miles, or an average of nearly 17,000 miles per year for twenty-eight years. Probably there is very little of the original engine remaining except the frame and minor parts. Another engine, made in London, England, in 1858, is still doing duty.

—At a meeting of the miners, held in Pottsville on Friday, it was agreed that they should demand an increase over the basis of 1874 of about eight per cent. The operators offer forty per cent. below the basis. This is a pretty wide difference, and does not indicate a speedy settlement of the trouble. In the meantime the men of the Schuylkill, Wilkesbarre, and Lehigh region remain idle.

—Mr. Patrick O'Hair, of the Illinois Legislature, desires the passage of a bill imposing a fine of not less than $20 nor more than $100 on any person who shall invite another to drink any intoxicating liquors. Mr. O'Hair believes in striking at the root of the evil, and the law would be an excellent one if public sentiment could be turned up to make its enforcement practicable, which we very much doubt.

—George W. Plumber's box factory in Philadelphia was burned on Monday morning. Loss on the building, $50,000; partly insured. The loss on the stock is $40,000, which is fully insured. Three thousand girls are thrown out of employment by this fire. In the fall of one of the walls all the telegraph wires were carried down; Shoemaker's paint and plate glass warehouse, adjoining, was considerably damaged by water.

—Pennsylvania owes a vote of thanks to the Hon. Heister Clymer, and the native to Pennsylvania, says the Philadelphia *Press*, for the good work done by him in the House on Saturday in striking out the irregular appropriations for the two irregularities in the way of art, known as the Ransom picture of General George H. Thomas and Carpenter's "Emancipation Proclamation Scene." It is gratifying to know that the culture and taste of the country has some representation in Congress.

—The body of an unknown man was found on the ice at Brown's Island, near Steubenville, Ohio, on Sunday. He is supposed to have been frozen to death. The body had been seen lying there several days, but was mistaken for a log. It will be remembered, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, that a few weeks ago two men were observed to break through the ice while attempting to cross the Allegheny river below the Suspension bridge who have never been heard of since. It is possible the body found is one of these.

—Curious, if true? A German named Tachtman, residing in St. Louis, is the victim of a singular form of insanity. The playing of music excites him to frenzy, and at certain times he expresses a desire to murder the performing musician. Another phase of his insanity in his constant belief that he is upon the verge of delirium. Tachtman was formerly employed as an attendant on the philanthropist, Mr. James Lick, a part of his duties being to rub the invalid with bare hands, and to a loss of vital forces during the process the misfortune is attributed.

A BURNING WELL.—A burning oil well is situated about nine miles from Tarentum, Pa., and fifteen miles south of Butler, at a place called Larden's Mill, and is owned by a company. The well was tapped about twelve weeks ago. A depth of 1145 feet had been reached and the "first sand rock" had been struck. The light of the burning well can be seen at a distance of thirteen miles at night, and the scene in the vicinity is described as grand beyond description. Hundreds of people flock nightly to see this great wonder. The first thing to strike the visitor on arriving is the great mass of fine white flame of intense heat and brightness, the hollow, rumbling noise heard as the out-rushing gas plunges into the atmosphere and lights all around by its imposing brilliancy. The flame of this natural force is about forty feet long and fifteen feet wide, and keeps at these dimensions night and day with striking regularity. The heat emitted by so large a body of flame is very great. The trees all around at proportional distances are budding and the grass is growing finely. Sufficient light is produced to enable one to read at a distance of a mile and a half from the well. The noise as the gas rushes out and is consumed is wonderful, and the sound can be distinctly heard at the distance of four miles. Negotiations are said to be going on for the purchase of this well by parties who are studying the problem of utilizing this natural treasure in their various enterprises. The tools used in boring it are still in the well, and if withdrawn a far greater volume of gas would probably escape.

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,
FRIDAY, - - MARCH 5, 1875.


## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

*Here, There, and the Other Place.*

—The miners in Westmoreland county are again on a strike.

—Fresh shad made their appearance in our market this week.

—The attendance at Court this week was large and remarkably orderly.

—The regular term of the Indiana county Court will commence next Monday.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* closed the second year of its existence as a daily on Tuesday last.

—John B. Gough lectured to a crowded house in Union Hall, Johnstown, on Tuesday night.

—The breaking up of the ice last week did considerable damage to property in Somerset county.

—A man named Isenberg was struck by the Day Express near Spruce Creek last Saturday and killed.

—The snow in this section is one foot deep on the level and six feet deep on various portions of Center street.

—It is estimated that fully five hundred railroad ties per day are being brought to town on sleds and piled up at the depot.

—The dwelling-house of Mr. Theophilus Bates, near Hollidaysburg, together with its contents, was distroyed by fire last Sunday.

—A prominent business man is reported to have left Johnstown between two days, having $11,000 of liabilities and no assets behind.

—In the House at Harrisburg, on Tuesday, Mr. Hannan, one of our members, read a bill in place "for the protection of employes of corporations."

—Poor Director John Bloch, of Johnstown, has been so ill of late that his life was for a time despaired of. We are glad to learn, however, that he is now considered out of danger.

—A lad named Gleichour, who had a leg crushed by the machinery in a shock factory at Conemaugh borough a few days ago, has become afflicted with that most terrible of diseases lockjaw, and is slowly dying of it.

—Cambria City claims to number amongst her inhabitants a genuine Polish baron. When he comes into possession of $90,000 that he asserts are due him from somebody in his native country, he proposes buying a clean shirt.

—The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia Press Association will be held at the Union Depot Hotel, Pittsburg, on Tuesday, 9th instant, when a President, Secretary, and Board of Directors will be elected.

—Mr. Pat Gorman, head boss for the Messrs. Collins in the construction of the Ebensburg & Cresson railroad, is in town. His present place of residence is Easton, where he is engaged in the same line of business pursued by him while here.

—Owing to the frequency and severity of the snow storms of late, it is proposed to establish a system of soup houses on the Local Option plan along the line of the Ebensburg branch railroad, for the benefit of travelers who may perchance get stuck in the drifts.

—Mr. Daniel McDonald, one of the most estimable citizens of Cambria borough, a man of unquestioned honor and unimpeachable integrity, whose serious illness we noticed in our last issue, died on Friday last, aged about 60 years. Peace to his ashes and rest to his soul.

—Mr. H. C. Dern, the junior editor of the Altoona *Tribune*, has gone on a tour through the Southern States, with Florida as his objective point, for the benefit of his health. Being one of the best fellows above ground, we trust that he will return home as good as new ere many moons have waned.

—From lawyers' bills, and doctors' pills and other ills, good Lord deliver us; but from E. J. Mills, who always fills an order for any kind of goods in his line on short notice and at the very lowest cash prices, sure no one would wish to be delivered, when times are so hard and money so scarce.

—A German named John Schultz fell asleep in the round-house at East Conemaugh Tuesday night, and when he awoke, was to a realization of the fact that a locomotive which was being run out had passed over his leg. Amputation of the injured member at the ankle was found necessary.

—Again! The branch railroad was snowed in Wednesday, and passengers who took the train that evening to go to Cresson proceeded about a mile only on their winding way, and then returned and spent the balance of the night in cursing the management of a road that is either unable or unwilling to erect snow-sheds.

—The Ancient Order of Hibernians of Cambria county will have a grand parade on St. Patrick's day, 17th instant. The procession will form at Gallitzin, and go thence to Lilly's by way of Summit, and there disband. All the Catholic benevolent societies in the county are invited to attend and participate in the procession.

—A dog belonging to Mr. Jack Ross caught and killed a wild turkey near Rush Run, in Jackson township, one day last week, which stood four feet in height and measured forty-eight inches from the top of the head to the tip of its tail. This, so far as we know, is the largest wild turkey that has ever been killed on the Alleghenies.

—Billy Baxter, of mercantile fame, located the index finger of his left hand underneath a navy barrel, Friday last, and Mr. Frank Lee, the dextrous major-domo of the Mountain House saloon, performed a similar feat on the following Monday. They had better been measurably on the retired list so far as business is concerned ever since. Mr. William Lake, of Allegheny township, was so unfortunate as to fall heavily, on day last week, and the injuries he received were considerable. Being a man of advanced years, and comparatively helpless, fears are entertained that he will not recover. He is the father of our townsman John G. Lake, Esq., and at one time resided in Cambria township.

—A vocal and instrumental entertainment will be given in the Congregational church on Tuesday evening by a juvenile aggregation known as the "Band of Hope." The musical performances are said to have been highly creditable, and an audience whose character would have been greatly increased despite the harshness of the weather smiled approval on the efforts of the youngsters to please.

—The head of the groundhog that saw his shadow on Candlemas day is exceedingly level, as we have had five weeks of wintry weather since that date, and there is plenty more in prospect unless all signs fail.

—On Tuesday evening, after a protracted illness, Mrs. Mary Jane Lowman, wife of Dr. John Lowman, departed this life at her place of abode in Johnstown. She was a daughter of Johnston Moore, Esq., of this town, and was a lady highly esteemed by all who enjoyed her acquaintanceship. Her age was about 44 years. The remains will be brought here per special train on Sunday next, and interred in Lloyd cemetery.

—Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow; how we heartily wish that it all would go, and leave us alone our way to pursue without frozen feet and skin turned blue; for surely just now 'tis a mighty mean thing for Winter to obtrude on the rights of fair Spring, and especially so when Myers & Lloyd are patiently waiting to see people o'erjoyed with the bargains in goods so varied and gay which for the Spring trade they'll have in endless array.

—It may be of interest to some of our readers to know that two of the inmates of the Western Penitentiary, who resided in Bugtown, and were sentenced by Judge Dean for crimes of which they were convicted several months ago, will arrive home about the first of next month, by reason of their terms of imprisonment expiring. A third one, from the same locality, and convicted at the same time, died in that institution a few months ago.

—Come to us Spring—beautiful Spring. We are weary of ice and snow. Fold us within thy odorous wing; over us perfume of May apple flow. This poetical sentiment suggests the remark that Hess & Bro., 241 and 243 Main street, Johnstown, taking time by the forelock, are already engaged lying in an extensive and elegant stock of ready-made clothing suitable for Spring wear. Their price list, when made out, will astonish one and all by the lowness of the figures it will contain.

—By reference to an advertisement which appears elsewhere in this paper, it will be seen that a special election has been ordered by the Burgers and Town Council to decide whether or not the indebtedness of Ebensburg borough shall be increased in a specified ratio, for the purpose of continuing the erection of our proposed water works, or whether the hole already dug shall be stopped up and labeled—"Closed until the rising generation shall become of age." The election will be held on Saturday, the 10th day of April next.

—Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer, whenever there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a five to the answer. And any number of persons who may go to Jas. J. Murphy's, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, in quest of bargains in good, fashionable ready made clothing, will not leave that famous establishment disappointed in the matter of goods or prices.

—If we are correctly informed, it is the custom of the postmaster at Carrolltown to demand forty cents *box rent* from subscribers to the *Freeman*, irregardless of whether they have or have not expressed a desire to rent such boxes. To our subscribers there and elsewhere, we say that this is extortion. According to the plain provisions of the law, mail matter must be delivered to applicants whenever called for, *box* or *no box*, and it will take only a couple of complaints of a similar character to this to induce us to lay the whole matter before the Postmaster General.

—In the matter of the Commonwealth vs. James Devlin, of Jackson township, charged with outraging the person of a little girl named Clara Gonglemur, the prosecutrix failed to appear on Monday last, and the case was therenpon ruled out by Judge Dean without being presented to the Grand Jury for its decision. The failure to prosecute for an alleged offence so heinous is evidence sufficient that the charge was without foundation in fact, and it therefore is with sincere pleasure that we congratulate young Devlin upon this acknowledgment of his innocence, as well for his own sake, as for the sake of his parents and relations, who are among the most respected and worthiest citizens that our county contains.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.—Court convened at 11 o'clock Monday morning, with Associate Judge Lloyd on the bench. Owing to the prevalence of a severe snow-storm, the branch railroad was blocked up, and the train bearing Judges Dean and Flanagan consequently failed to reach town on schedule time. The session was adjourned till 3 o'clock, p. m., at which hour a full bench presented an appearance, and the customary routine of business was begun. After calling the roll of attorneys and receiving the returns of constables, the following cases were disposed of:

Com'th vs. Henry Warren. Indictment—1st count, forging store order; 2d count, uttering forged store order; 3d count, forging and uttering forged store order. March 2d, 1875, defendant pleads guilty and submits.

Com'th vs. Aaron Leff. Indictment—assault and battery. March 2d, 1875, defendant pleads "not guilty." Jury called and sworn, who find defendant not guilty, but that he pay one-half the costs, and the prosecutor, Wm. Campbell, pay the other half.

Com'th vs. Daniel Pershing. Indictment—assault and battery on a pupil in attendance at his school. March 2d, 1875, defendant pleads "not guilty." Same day, jury called and sworn, who do find defendant not guilty, but require him to pay one-third of the costs, while the remaining two-thirds are imposed upon the prosecutor, John Dunmire. Defendant and prosecutor sentenced accordingly.

Com'th vs. Wm. Campbell, John Skelly, Wm. Price, and Samuel Green. Indictment—1st count, riot; 2d count, affray; 3d count, unlawful assembly and assault.—March 2 1, 1875, defendants plead not guilty. Same day, jury called and sworn, who find defendants not guilty, but that Wm. Campbell, John Skelly and Wm. Price pay jointly the costs.

Same vs. Same. Indictment—1st count, assault and battery with intent to kill; 2d count, aggravated assault and battery; 3d count, assault and battery. March 24, 1875, District Attorney, upon leave of Court given, enters a *nolle prosequi* as to the first count in the indictment. Same day, as to the second and third counts, defendants plead "not guilty." Jury called and sworn, who find Wm. Campbell, John Skelly and Wm. Price guilty on the third count of the indictment, but not guilty on the second; and as to Samuel Green, they find him not guilty. Campbell, Skelly and Price each sentenced to pay a fine of $5 to the Commonwealth for use of Cambria county, jointly to pay the costs of prosecution, and each to undergo imprisonment in the county jail for a term of thirty days.

Lewis R. Edwards vs. David Roner, administrator of Andrew Young, dec'd. Summons debt. On trial.

BOROUGH, WARD AND TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.—The following completes the list of local officers elected in the several districts of this county on the 16th ult.:

JACKSON TOWNSHIP.

Justice, Philip F. Custer; Constable, G. Varner; School Directors, David Rorabaugh, Noah Dishong; Supervisors, Adam Rose, Henry Varner; Assessor, Henry Funk; Judge Election, Henry Anstead; Inspectors, Lemuel Jones, Fred. Grove; Auditor, Wm. Hunt, Clerk, Emanuel Custer.

JOHNSTOWN BOROUGH.

Burgess, Geo. W. Easly; School Directors, James Williams, A. J. Hawes; Auditor, John D. Roberts. First Ward—Council, D. J. Morrell; Constable, John S. Ogden; Judge Election, John D. Hughes; Inspectors, Gaul Heslop, John Seigh; Assessor, John H. Fisher. Second Ward—Council, James McMillen; Constable, John James; Judge Election, Robert Parsons; Inspectors, Thomas Morgan, Joseph Crouse; Auditor, Perry Bolsinger. Third Ward—Council, Louis Wehn (3 years), John Stroum (1 year); Judge Election, Thomas Gore; Inspectors, Jas. B. Fronheiser, Luther Martin; Constable, Maurice McNamara; Assessor, G. Bantley. Fourth Ward—Council, Max Heubach; Constable, A. B. Davis; Judge Election, Jacob Swank; Inspectors, Wm. Caldwell, John Ludwig; Assessor, Jonathan Horner; Justice, S. W. Miller. Fifth Ward—Council, John Peden; Constable, Samuel Fleck; Judge Election, Adam Kuntz; Inspectors, Benj. F. Horner, Chas. Hochstein. Sixth Ward—Council, J. B. Carter; Constable, Alex. Raymond; Judge Election, George Repp; Inspectors, Wm. S. Foust, Conrad Border; Assessor, Wm. Lohr.

LORETTO BOROUGH.

Burgess, Wm. Litzinger; Council, H. T. O'Friel, R. T. Shields, S. Fry, E. A. Little, P. Mealey, W. W. McAteer; School Directors, Thos. Cullen, F. X. Haid, T. O'Friel, W. W. McAteer; Judge Election, H. T. O'Friel; Inspectors, Andrew Kittell, John P. Lacy; Auditor, J. P. Lacy; Assessor, S. Fry; Constable, Geo. L. McGuire.

MILLVILLE BOROUGH.

Burgess, James O'Callaghan; Justice, James O'Callaghan; Council, David L. Davis, Patrick Minahan; School Directors, James O'Callaghan, Evan Lewis; Judge Election, David L. Davis; Inspectors, Rees D. Davis, John Minahan; Constable, Michael Mealy; Assessor, Robert Boyle; Auditor, Wm. Cadogan.

MUNSTER TOWNSHIP.

Judge Election, Dennis Farren; Inspectors, John McGaghey, Wm. Cassidy; Supervisors, Owen Kerns, Hugh Griffin; School Directors, P. C. Taylor, Geo. McGlinchey; Justice, Conrad Devlin; Constable, P. B. Smith; Assessor, Joseph Noel; Auditor, Wm. B. Dever; Clerk, John Farren.

PROSPECT BOROUGH.

Burgess, John W. Lewis; Judge Election, Patrick Boyle; Inspectors, Robert Dimond, John W Lewis; Council, John Smith, Patrick Farley, John Cavenaugh, Wm. Lyon, Patrick Boyle, Robert Dimond; School Directors, Michael McGee, Anthony Doran; Assessor, Hugh McMonigle.

RICELAND TOWNSHIP.

Justice, David Stough; Supervisors, David D. Shaffl., Daniel Harshberger; School Directors, Joseph Orris, Cyrus Harshberger, Henry Layman; Judge Election, Samuel Hoffman; Inspectors, Joseph Geis, Noah Weaver; Constable, John Raymond; Assessor, Jacob P. Miller; Auditor, Em l Weaver; Clerk, Moses H. Miller.

SUMMERHILL TOWNSHIP.

Justices, Henry Walters, Thomas McConnell. Supervisors, Thomas Doran, Joseph Wright; Constable, Charles Wolf; Assessor, Christian Shaffer; School Directors, John Wright, Wm. Gentine, Daniel Dupont, Jacob Swartzwelder; Judge Election, James Gallagher; Inspectors, A. B. Pringle, Parades Mcgough; Clerk, Em'l Pringle, Enos Ellis. (tie.)

SUSQUEHANNA TOWNSHIP.

Justices, Jacob B. Glosser, Jacob B. Stalb; Constable, Jacob Byrne; Judge Election, G. W. Stalb; Inspectors, Stephen Brothers, Samuel Barth; Assessor, John Porter; Supervisors, G. W. Lloyd, Charles Weakley; Auditor, J. B. Stalb; Clerk, L. A. Plait.

TAYLOR TOWNSHIP.

Constable, Geo. L. Bowser; Judge Election, John A. Gend; Inspectors, W. J. Hendrick, I. G. Bole; Assessor, Geo. L. Bowser; Auditor, D. A. Hendrick; Supervisors, Christian Good, J. M Shaffer; School Directors, J. J. Shaffer, J. A. Hildebrand; Clerk, Emanuel Rhodes.

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.

Judge Election, Jas. Noon; Inspectors, Jacob Warner, F. A. Thompson; School Directors, Peter B. Myers, Peter Bolsinger; Supervisors, John Lahey, Joseph Itel; Constable, Joseph Myers; Assessor, James Bradley; Auditor, James Itel; Clerk, Jacob Burgoon.

WHITE TOWNSHIP.

Justice, John T. Hasper; Constable, Joel A. Gates; School Directors, Ab. Osman, W. A. Smith, T. A. Van Scoyoc, Joseph G. Hollen, H. A. Gates, Joseph Van Orner; Supervisors, W. C. Fleming, S. W. Turner; Assessor, Michael Myers; Auditor, Henry Foster; Judge Election, John Beers; Inspectors, F. M. Flanagan, S. Kloe; Clerk, J. S. Walters.

WILMORE BOROUGH.

Justices, Joseph Miller, John Schroth; Constable, Thos. J. Hughes; Burgess, P. J. Woleslagle; Council, P. S. Isenberg, Thomas J. Hughes, T. McGrath, Custer, John C. Rhees, Thomas Kinney, C. Klotz; School Directors, Wm. Miller, Isaac Wike, (3 years,) R. S. Woodward, (1 year) Judge Election, S. M. Kern; Inspectors, Sylvester Crum, P. J. Kirby; Assessor, P. M. Woleslagle; Auditor, F. P. McCormick.

WOODVALE BOROUGH.

Justice, Wm. S. Smith; Constable, Geo. Gillinger; Burgess, W. W. Quigg; Council, Edward Thomas, Geo. W. Keough, George Hole, Wm. Penrod, John Hamilton, Geo. Gillinger; School Directors, D. H. Hugus, S. F. Hamaing; Judge Election, John M. Beecher; Inspectors, Geo. Gillinger, S. F. Bingeman (tie), Philip M. Smith (tie); Auditor, Ed. S. Osborn; Assessor, Geo. Gillinger.

YODER TOWNSHIP.

Justice, John L. Bash; School Directors, Edward Birch, Sr., Jonas Peterson; Supervisors, Jacob Bartley, Cornelius Marsh; Clerk, Jacob J. Shaffer; Auditor, Edwin A. Vickroy; Assessor, John J. Horner. Upper Yoder Election District—Judge Election, A. H. Howard; Inspectors, Wm. Ream, Joseph Hochstetler. Lower Yoder Election District—Judge Election, Sam'l P. Arentrue; Inspectors, Leander Birch, Robert Singer.

FROZEN TO DEATH.—Our always welcome but seldom welcomed correspondent "B. E. R.," writing from South Fork under date of March 1st, gives the following particulars of the melancholy death of a man named M. H. Burke, a resident of that place:

Yesterday our village was painfully excited by the sad intelligence of the death of one of our citizens from cold and exposure. M. H. Burke, more familiarly known by his friends as Harry Burke, was last seen alive at Conemaugh on Saturday night between 8 and 9 o'clock. He had evidently been imbibing rather freely, and started to walk home. The next seen of him was about one-half mile west of Mineral Point, being then a hundred feet or more from the railroad track. A freight engineer saw a man lying on his face in the snow, and reported the fact when he reached Conemaugh, whereupon Mr. Joseph Parks and several other gentlemen took an engine and proceeded to the spot indicated, where they found the lifeless remains of the unfortunate Harry Burke. They brought the body to South Fork, where an inquest was held this morning. Dr. B. L. Yeagley, of Johnstown, examined the body and found a slight bruise on the forehead, the right shoulder dislocated and several slight bruises on other parts of his person, all which were the result no doubt of several falls he had received, as it was evident that he had fallen frequently before reaching the spot where his body was found. He was lying on his face, with his hands underneath, and was frozen perfectly stiff.

In consequence of the absence of several witnesses, the coroner's jury adjourned to meet again in Johnstown on Monday next. It is more than probable that the unfortunate man fell over the embankment, and being stunned by the fall, he wandered about until chilled by the cold, when, falling to the earth, he expired without a struggle. The remains will be taken to Johnstown to-morrow for burial.

—Our branch train, bearing the President Judge and an Associate, and parties, witnesses, etc., at Court, was snowed up at Bradley's cut, three miles east of Ebensburg, last Monday. The train laid in that inhospitable retreat for three hours ere a passage through the everlasting drifts could be effected. Meanwhile, a number of sleighs and sleds had been dispatched to the relief of the belated passengers, to bring them to civilization, dinner, and drinks. These sleighs and sleds, with their respective cargoes of living freight, arrived here ten minutes *after* the train pulled up at the depot, and the passengers who stuck to the original means of transportation had a good thing of it listening to the emissions of profanity indulged in by the travelers per runners.


A PREPARATION so widely and favorably known as Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer needs few words of praise from us. This compound has won its way to the highest favor in the public mind; and multitudes, who have vainly used other remedies for the restoration of their hair, have, on trying the Sicilian Renewer, been made glad by the speedy restoration of their gray hair to its natural color, and the thin locks thickened up, as in the days of early youth. It also prevents the hair falling out, makes it soft and glossy, and is altogether the best preparation for its intended purposes before the public.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*


YE EDITOR'S REVERIE.—Geo. Thompson Lanigan is his name; he snaps his shears and flaps his ears and struggles after fame. There is a dearth of items, a dearth of news, and this is the way he gayly woos the modern Hudibrastic muse:

The X-list is a giant morgue, where Items thickly lie, and throned upon a paragraph King Coroner am I.—The Epicure has for Almanac, the Strawberry and the Pea, and eke the tall, Asparagus that decks the greening lea;—they tell his palate with a kiss, the seasons what they be.—And when the lamb with minten sauce doth on his plate appear, and radishes bedeck the board, he knows that Spring is near.—Even thus the Scissor of Malis may note the lapse of time, by watching well the prevalence of Accident and Crime.

There is one constant source of Death, exceeding all belief, which is in season all the year, like mutton or like beef. As I scan the country's files, in every part I ween, I see the flash and hear the crash of patent kerosene—"Fatalities" in every page, and graves in every scene.—It was the mother of nine babes who filled a lighted lamp with its explosive, purchased from a peddling Yankee scamp; next day nine orphans round her grave wept in the churchyard damp.—It was an Irish servant girl whose fire would not go, wherefore she sprinkled kerosene upon the wood, and lo! poor Bridget's "soul went up in fire," like the soul of Jim Bludsoe.

"Hail, beauteous harbinger of Spring," in ecstacy I cry; what time the skipping rope salutes my longing eye,—the girl who jumped three hundred times, and went to realms on high. The Spring wears on. I scan the page till to my eye is given the schoolboy, whose *os frontis* is by fatal base ball riven, and at one step goes from third base up to the gates of Heaven.

Come Summer with its ferrent heat—about this time expect such weather as the Oldest Resident can't recollect. Perennial source of paragraphs is he. He shall appear, walking nine miles to cast his vote, in the Autumnal year, while all the people at the polls the aged patriot greet. Paper savers are being pushed forward, including Calaveras Valley. Lake Merced, Pasadero and other points, but will not be completed until March. Mr. Scowden expects to be ready to make a complete report in April, giving details in regard to the practicability, character, capacity and cost of these different sources of supply. The work is one of great importance The Water Company that now has this city in its clutches has pursued and persists in pursuing a policy which is very unsatisfactory.

WHAT WE EXPORT.

The quantity of through freight shipped East over the Central Pacific Railroad in January was 5,508,800 lbs, mostly from San Francisco, as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Barley, lbs | 1,623,100 | Lumber, lbs. | 20,5 0 |
| Borax | 20,900 | Metal | 10,700 |
| Beans | 11,000 | Oil | 900 |
| Coffee | 99,0 0 | Powder | 24,6 0 |
| Cochineel | 6,400 | Silk | 7,200 |
| Canned Goods | 200 | Syrup | 127,000 |
| Dried Fruit | 69,600 | Salmon | 82,000 |
| Ripe Fruit | 1,000 | Tea | 427,5 0 |
| Furs and Skins | 25,200 | Tobacco | 20, 00 |
| Glue | 22,100 | Wine | 29,900 |
| Hides and Pelts | 219,700 | Seeds, Alfalfa | 2,250 |
| Hops | 15,000 | Wool | 822,9 0 |
| Honey | 5,200 | Unspecified | 892,950 |
| Leather | 49,500 | | |
| Total | | | 4,83, 0) |
| From San Jose | | | 1, 81,000 |
| From Stockton | | | 4,800 |
| From Sacramento | | | 90,500 |
| From Marysville | | | 6,700 |
| Grand Total | | | 5,508,8.0 |

Included in the shipments from San Jose were 1,075,800 lbs Barley, 7,600 lbs Canned Goods, 4,00 lbs Dried Fruit and 1100 lbs Wine. The freight from Sacramento was unspecified.—Stockton sent 4,000 lbs Wine and Marysville 5,600 lbs. During the corresponding month last year, the total quantity of through freight forwarded to the East was 9,744,200 lbs, including 3,000,000 lbs Barley, 2,000,000 lbs Tea and 1,900,000 lbs Wool.

ALL SMOKE.

The Gilroy tobacco factory gives employment to one thousand men, and yet they are unable to supply the demand for their cigars.

SOME OIL.

We have oil regions in California, as the following slip will prove:

Jumpers are going for the oil lands, and the owners are taking steps to protect themselves. The Pacific Oil Well Company held a meeting last night for this purpose.

This will result in a war something like happens when men jump mining claims.

THE GREEDY DOGS.

The Consolidated Virginia Mining Company have constructed below their big mill a set of model tailing sluices. The sluices are in regular terraces, and there are five sets, one below the other, the total length of which is 625 feet. Each set is six sluices wide, and at the end of each set is a large tank for receiving the concentrated tailings, and a second tank in which the water is settled before passing to the next terrace and next set of sluices. After leaving the end of the last set of sluices the tailings flow off into the bay of San Francisco. They are then worth about $1.50 per ton—so poor that they will pay for no further manipulation.

NEW ENTERPRISES.

The Rocky Bar Quicksilver Mining Company has been incorporated, to mine in Sonoma county, with $5,000,000 capital stock. The Directors are, James L. Tuer, Bernard Pewning, Abraham Hutsey and J. H. Blumenberg.

The Prospect Gold and Silver Mining Company has also been incorporated, to mine in the Silver Star Mining District, Storey county, with $10,000,000 capital stock. The Directors are: James H. Cooper, Stephen H. Phillips, Justus Moore, Jr., Charles Moore, William Lee, J. R. Blumenberg, David Goodman, John B. Treadwell and Joseph Naphtaly.

SOMETHING SWEET.

A car-load of honey went east yesterday. I do not know whether it went to the city of Washington or not. The defunct Republican party ought to be embalmed in honey, beeswax, tar and feathers, or something of that sort. ROB ROY.

## *Letter from North Carolina.*

WILMINGTON, N. C., Feb. 22, 1875.

DEAR FREEMAN—No doubt your patrons, like newspaper readers generally, feel an interest in anything relating to the South, and hence I trust that I will not be considered as intruding upon your time and space by sending you a few things as I pass along.

I left Cambria county on Tuesday, 16th inst., and arrived in Baltimore on the following morning, where I found the weather so cold that the ice extended down the Bay fully one hundred miles. Leaving Baltimore, I soon after arrived in Washington, where the Potomac river bore evidence of the severe weather by surrendering to the embrace of the ice king. Entering the capitol, I listened for a short time to a few of the wise men there assembled, among whom I may mention the inmate of Butler of Massachusetts and Potter of New York. While no remarks were made, it was manifested by those whom I heard speak, I could not but notice that there was a lack of sound logic, inasmuch as several who attempted to support certain propositions seemed to be utterly ignorant of what to say when their positions were assailed.

Bidding farewell to Washington, I turned my face Southward, the snow and other indications of Jack Frost's presence gradually disappearing as we were hurried along through the swamps and small plantations common throughout Virginia. Reaching Fredericksburg, I had no trouble in finding many of the fortifications from behind which deadly missiles were hurled against many of the sons of Cambria, in common with thousands upon thousands of other Union soldiers who participated in that illstarred engagement. Quitting the town, I saw the flag of our country floating from a mast on the summit of a hill adjacent, and was not long in learning that it was the "City of the Dead"—the place where many Union soldiers had been buried—and as I gazed upon the mounds which covered them I could not but recall to mind the fact that many heartfelt prayers from loved ones at home had ascended to the Throne of Mercy for the safety of father, husband, son, brother, lover, relative and friend. But, alas! those prayers in many instances were without avail, as here rested all that was earthly of many loved ones for whose return fond hearts hoped and anxious eyes looked in vain. Let us hope and pray, however, that the spirits of friend and foe alike have found a haven of eternal rest, where strife is unknown and perfect peace hath its abiding place.

As we neared Richmond very little snow was to be seen. Many of the defences along the way are still standing as monuments of the great struggle. Petersburg presents but few of the effects of the terrible storm of shot and shell to which it was subjected, although some of the breastworks erected for the protection of the city are yet to be seen almost int ct. After leaving Petersburg we passed the many lines of defence on our way south. Ere long Ream's station was announced, a place which has much of interest for many of your readers. Looking around the once famous station, a few rude buildings are all that meet the eye, and no one would suspect or believe that on this spot a life and death struggle of no small magnitude had taken place were it not that many witnesses of the terrible conflict are yet living.

As we were hurried onward snow could be observed only in shaded places, and ere we reached Weldon all traces of snow had disappeared, while at Goldsboro neither ice nor frost were visible.

Between Weldon and this place I saw more new buildings completed or in course of erection than I saw along the balance of the route. Nearly all the way from Goldsboro to Wilmington the land is low and marshy, and for miles along the road stagnant pools of water are to be seen on all sides. Pine and swamp oak are the principal timbers in this section. Turpentine and rosin are the staple productions and of course the main dependence of nearly all the people a large proportion of whom are exceedingly poor and notably illiterate. Being neither able to read nor write, the majority of them seem to be controlled by those who make politics a business.

Wilmington contains from 12,000 to 14,000 inhabitants, but it has few buildings worthy of note. There are several fine church edifices, prominent among which are the Baptist, Presbyterian, and one Catholic church, the latter of which is handsomely finished and efficiently presided over by Rev. Father Gross. The Sisters of Mercy have a convent and school in connection with this church, and of course are accomplishing much good. In 1862, during the prevalence here of the yellow fever, all the ministers of the gospel, in common with many other people, if I am rightly informed, left the city, save and except Rev. Father Murphy, a Catholic priest then stationed here, who remained and did all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the stricken ones, regardless alike of the creed they professed or the position they occupied. In this great work of charity he was assisted by a number of good Sisters of Mercy from Charleston, S. C., who soon after established themselves here, where they have remained ever since. May God speed them in their efforts to do good is a prayer that will well up from the heart of every soldier North and South, Protestant as well as Catholic, who received the benefit of their kindly ministrations during the late rebellion.

The Southern people, so far as I have seen them, are very hospitable and do not hesitate to treat Northern gentlemen with all the courtesy and respect due to that class wherever found.

My letter is much too long, for which as well as for the fact that it has been so rudely written I beg ye editor's pardon. Meanwhile o—

Yours, truly, P. M. BROWN.

## *Notes of Travel.*

UTOPIA, Feb. 22, 1875.

DEAR FREEMAN—In continuation of the subject treated in my last letter, I, e., my impressions of South America, it behooves me to say that I can for the present merely glance at the ornithology of this vast country. To count the varied species would be laborious task, but to describe them far surpasses my poor abilities. One is completely bewildered when he attempts to arrange the various species of even one genera, and finds, after having tried for some time, that it is almost if not quite impossible.

Planters living at the foot of the Andes are frequently annoyed by condors. Very often their finest lambs become the prey of these rapacious creatures, and many and ingenious are the stratagems they employ to rid themselves of this pestiferous marauders. The condor is known to be very voracious—so much so indeed that he gorges himself to such an extent as to be unable to use his wings until he has first run a considerable distance. The circumstance is turned to account by the planter, who exposes the dead body of a horse, ox or cow within an enclosure, which is fenced with high pickets. The birds soon scent the carcass and descend in flocks from their lofty eyries to glut their insatiable appetites. It is now an easy matter for the planter either to kill them with clubs or catch them alive with the lasso, for being unable to take their accustomed run, they are as helpless as the timid deer in the hunter's trap.

Some instances are on record of children having been carried off by condors, but they are not well authenticated, the possibility of such a thing being probably the only basis upon which the stories rest. An account is given of a planter who had caught a condor and pulled the feathers out of its wings to prevent it from flying. In a short time, however, the mutilated and now ones came and grew, until one day the condor thought himself strong enough to try his native element once more. Seizing the youngest child from the cradle, the condor spurned the ground and soared aloft with its victim, and this in the very presence of the distracted parents.

Little is known of the habits of these birds. When young they do not build nests, but lay their eggs on the bare rocks. The female takes the greatest care of her little ones, and remains with them an entire year to teach them how to provide for themselves, after which she leaves them to their own resources.

The toucan is one of the most singular birds of the feathered creation. In size and shape it somewhat resembles the common jackdaw. The plumage is remarkably beautiful and the feathers are in great demand for decorating ladies' head-dresses. But the most extraordinary thing about it is the beak, which is nearly as large as the rest of the body. It seems to be a great inconvenience to it, as it rarely does not hesitate to affirm that it is an instance of imperfect adaptation; but this, like many other things in that gentleman's book, must be taken cum grano salis. In pursuit of insectivorous food, we find the toucan flying from tree to tree as nimbly as any other bird, and perching on the apex of the very highest one, searching the while for food with restless activity. The bill is hollow, the exterior presenting cavities, formed by extremely thin plates, which are covered by a horid coat not unlike that parchment. Generally speaking, they are made in the hollows of decayed trees, and no mother takes more care of her children than a toucan does of its young until they are competent to provide for themselves. Monkeys are the greatest enemies they have to contend with. These mischievous creatures destroy their nests, break the eggs, or kill the young, whenever they get an opportunity; but frequently the monkey finds the mother bird on the nest, which gives him such a warm reception, that he deems it the better part of valor not to return in a hurry.

The immense forests here literally swarm with parrots of splendid plumage. The docility of this bird and the ease with which it learns any language has rendered it a favorite in every age and clime; so much so, indeed, that we read of Alexander the Great bringing some of them from the island of Ceylon, after having conquered King Darius. They are here just like they are when domesticated, forever chattering and moving about. When you get into a wood where the green varieties have their abode, you would be at a loss to distinguish them from the foliage, were it not for their continual movements. The deep wood seems to be their choicest habitation, and they are seldom found in flocks at any great distance from it. Here they live in the most perfect harmony with each other, but they are very jealous of strange birds and will not allow them to remain for any length of time. They feed on kernels of nuts, vegetable seeds, etc., but sometimes they congregate in large flocks and commit serious depredations on the maize fields adjacent to the woods. While engaged in their pleasant occupation a guard is constantly posted on the top of some elevated position, from whence, should danger be apprehended, the alarm is given by a peculiar cry, which is answered by the others taking immediate flight. Crash—away goes my lamp chimney. ROVER.

## OBITUARY.

REILLY.—Died, near Hastings, Minnesota, February 10th, of lung fever after a short illness, Mrs. MARY ANN REILLY, wife of Mr. John Reilly and daughter of Mr. Wm. O'Connell, formerly of Summerhill township, this county, aged 22 years and 10 days.

Deceased was a most estimable young lady and was beloved by all who knew her. The early part of her life was spent in this vicinity, where she will be long and kindly remembered for her many excellent qualities. In 1857 she removed with her parents to Minnesota, where two years ago she became the wife of Mr. John Reilly, of that State. She was in attendance at the sick bed of her mother when her last sickness came upon her, and she died after a brief illness. She leaves a husband and child, besides loving parents and other kindred, to mourn her untimely death. We heartily sympathize with the bereaved family in their sad affliction, but rejolce in the belief that she has gone to reap the reward of a life well spent. F. P. M'C.

Wilmore, March 1, 1875.

KRISE.—Died, in Clearfield township, on Friday, Feb. 26, 1875, after a protracted illness, Mrs. CATHARINE KRISE, wife of Peter J. Krise, aged about 39 years.

We tender to Mr. Krise our sincere sympathies in the loss of what to man is the greatest of earthly blessings, a good wife; and although we were personally unacquainted with the deceased lady, we have reason to believe that she was in every sense of the word a true wife, an affectionate mother, a kind neighbor and a sincere friend. She died an humble but faithful member of the Catholic Church, to which faith she gave her adherence several years ago and has since then conscientiously performed the religious obligations which devolved upon her by reason of her conversion. May she rest in peace.

MILLER.—Died, at Summitville, on Monday, March 1st, 1875, of croup, after a few hours' illness, MAGGIE, cherished child of Frederick and Mary Miller, aged 5 years.

The lovely bud, so young and fair,
Called home by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In paradise would bloom. M.


NOTICE.—Application will be duly made for a Charter for this Company, for the purpose of mining coal.

CAMBRIA COAL AND COKE CO.,
March 5, 1875.-3t. SOUTH FORK, PA.

C. ARBUTHNOT. W. T. SHANNON. J. G. STEPHENSON.

ARBUTHNOT, SHANNON & CO.,
Nos. 239 and 241 Liberty St.,
PITTSBURGH,
OFFER THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF
DRY GOODS & NOTIONS!
Complete in all Departments, Exclusively Wholesale,
AT BOTTOM EASTERN PRICES.

☞ NEW GOODS OPENED EVERY DAY. ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. BUYERS [2-5.] ☜ WILL FIND IT TO THEIR ADVANTAGE TO CALL. ☜ [3m.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE is hereby given that I purchased at Sheriff's sale, on the 26th day of February, 1875, the following described property, which I have left with John Rhinaws, of Chest township, for my pleasure: 1 bay horse about four years old and 1 set of harness. All persons are cautioned against interfering with said property.

GEORGE CROOK.

Chest Twp., March 5, 1875.-3t.

A GOOD BUSINESS OPENING!

The United States Life Insurance Company of New York desires to engage the services of competent, reliable men as district General Agents in Cambria County. Liberal arrangements will be made with parties who can furnish satisfactory reference as to ability and integrity. J. PALMER O'NEIL, Manager.
No. 56 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh

## "THEM GRASSHOPPERS."

THE TALE OF A CHAMPION SUFFERER.

He looked into the waiting-room at the Central Depot, saw an elderly lady come there waiting to go West, and then, after making sure that the special policeman was not around, he entered the room. He was a man that had seen other days, that was plain. His plug hat was years old, his coat shone with age and grease, and there was no collar on his neck. A policeman would have mentally recorded him as a "vag" without a moment's hesitation, and the fellow would have stood a chance of being 'rotted of to the Central Station.

"My good friends," he commenced as he approached the innocent old couple from Vermont; "for heaven's sake, help me a little!"

"Who are you?" asked the husband, struck with the bummer's lonesome voice and general hard look.

"Name's Jones—Kansas—grasshoppers!" replied the man, turning away his head as if deeply affected.

"Be you one of those poor unfortunates who were almost eat up by the grasshoppers?" exclaimed the woman, her sympathies all aroused.

"The same, ma'am," sighed Jones; "had to leave the State—going to New Hampshire—got as far as here and money gave out; Heaven only knows what will become of us."

"Are you married?" she asked.

"Yes'um—wife and nine children; they're out here on the commons in a wagon, all sick and shivering with the cold."

"I've heern about them grasshoppers; were they very thick?" asked the man.

"Thick!" echoed Jones, "couldn't tell the difference 'twixt day and night, and the roaring of their wings made us deaf."

"My grashus! wasn't that awful," sighed the woman.

"I had a hundred acres of corn, fifty of wheat, thirty of oats, nice meadow, and lots of fruit, but the grasshoppers made a beggar of me in five hours!" continued Jones.

"They eat the stuff right up, did they?"

"Eat! Why the farm looked as if a fire had passed over it! They took everything—even chewed up log chains. I timed 'em on 100 rods of fence, and every mouthful of it went in thirty-seven minutes by the watch."

"I never heard the likes!" exclaimed the man.

"There's folks East here who don't believe it," continued Jones; "but it is a solemn fact that the grasshoppers chewed up iron wedges, gnawed boards off'n the berns, bit plow-points all up, and if we hadn't hid our horses in the cellar, they'd have been munched, sure!"

"And you had to leave."

"Yes; sold my land for eleven dollars, got my family in a wagon and started East. Been 180 days coming this far, and buried two children on the way. Lor' only knows what's to become of us! I wish I was in this river out there; then my heart wo'dn't be burstin' with grief and trouble!"

"Poor man!" sighed the woman. "Ebenezer, let's give him two dollars."

"Two dollars is a pile of money," mused the man.

"But it's an awful sad case, Ebenezer—nuff to tech a heart of flint."

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," added Jones, as he drew his sleeve across his nose.

"Wall, I s'pose it's a hard case, and we won't be any poorer for givin' two dollars," said the husband, as he pulled out his wallet and handed out a $2 bill.

"Thanks, my kind friend," replied Jones. "I hope you will never see the trouble I'm having. This'll buy us medicine and provisions, and kinder help us along like; and I feel as if I could throw my arms around ye and hug ye for your kindness."

"That's all right," said the husband.

"I wish it was ten," said the woman, as she shook Jones' outstretched hand.

He slid out, and ten minutes afterward might have been seen in a saloon pouring bad gin out of a tall decanter, and remarking to the barkeeper:

"Say, old pard, was it in Virginia or Kansas that the grasshoppers were so thick?"

---

THE SPIDER'S THREAD.—That any creature could be found to fabricate a net, not less ingenious than that of the fisherman, for the capture of its prey, should fix it in the right place, and then patiently await the result, is a proceeding so strange that if we did not see it done daily before our eyes by the common house spider and garden spider, it would seem wonderful. But that wonder is increased when we think of the complex fabric of each single thread, and then of the mathematical precision and rapidity with which, in certain cases, the net itself is constructed; and to add to all this, showing the wonders which the most common things exhibit when carefully examined, the net of the garden spider consists of two distinct kinds of silk. The threads forming the concentric circles are composed of silk much more elastic than that of the rays, and are studded over with minute globules of a viscid gum, sufficiently adhesive to retain any unwary fly coming in contact with it. A net of average dimensions is estimated by Dr. Blackwell to contain 87,000 of these globules; and a large net of fourteen or sixteen inches in diameter, 120,000; and yet such a net will be completed by one species—Eperia apoclica—in about forty minutes usually, if not interrupted.

---

PAUSE! young man. You want to get married, and it is about time you did! But recollect that married men have to sit up all night once a week with a shot-gun in hand watching the clot-heslinc.


# CHEAPER THAN EVER!

## GOODS MARKED DOWN

TO MEET THE

## GREAT REDUCTION IN WAGES.

LOOK AT THE PRICES:

**FRENCH MERINOS,**

ALL COLORS, AT FIFTY CENTS PER YARD.

**FINE DRESS GOODS,**

*IN TEN COLORS, AT THE LOW PRICE OF*

**Twenty-Five Cents a Yard,**

AND MANY OTHER BARGAINS, AT THE POPULAR STORE OF

## GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

Nos. 113 and 115 CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

BUY YOUR MUSICAL GOODS AT

**KNAKE & McGINN'S,**

Importers, Manufacturers, and Dealers in all kinds of

## MUSICAL MERCHANDISE!

MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED

KNAKE & McGINN PIANO, AND THE PHILHARMONIC ORGAN.

GENERAL WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE

PATENT ARION PIANO.

Dealers in Distin & Co.'s (London), Besson (London), Saxe (Paris), Piston Valve, and our own make of Rotary Valve BAND INSTRUMENTS. The best and freshest Strings for all Instruments constantly on hand.

Being PUBLISHERS of SHEET MUSIC, we make this branch a specialty, and always keep a full stock of the latest and best pieces on hand. Our stock of music books of all kinds is complete.
PIANOS AND ORGANS SOLD ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.
OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Clergymen, Principals of Seminaries, Leaders of Bands, Teachers, and all wishing to purchase Musical Goods, will find it to their interest to communicate directly with us.
Catalogues and Price Lists furnished free on application.

WAREROOMS, No. 12 Sixth Street, (Late St. Clair.)

[1-29-1y.] PITTSBURGH, PA.

**THE TIMES.**

A FIRST-CLASS NEWSPAPER.

Daily and Weekly.

Independent in Everything! Neutral in Nothing!

Opposed to all Corrupt Rings in Municipal, State and National Affairs.

**The DAILY TIMES**

will be issued on Saturday, the 27th of March, 1875, and every morning thereafter, Sundays excepted, under the editorial direction of A. K. M'Clure, printed compactly from clear, new type on a large folio sheet, containing all the news of the day, including the Associated Press Telegrams, Special Telegrams and Correspondence from all points of interest, and fearless editorial discussions of all current topics. Price, TWO CENTS.

Mail subscriptions, *postage free*, Six Dollars per annum, or FIFTY CENTS per month, in advance.

**The Weekly TIMES**

will be issued on Saturday, March 20th, and weekly thereafter, containing all important news of the week in complete Market and Financial Reports.

Mailed for one year, *postage free*, at the following rates:

| | |
|---|---|
| ONE COPY | $ 1.00 |
| TEN COPIES | 9.00 |
| TWENTY COPIES | 16.00 |

Remittances should be made by Drafts or Post Office Orders. Address THE TIMES,
No. 14 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

**THE BEST Prairie Lands**

—IN—

IOWA AND NEBRASKA

FOR SALE BY THE

BURLINGTON & MISSOURI RIVER R. R. CO.

On Ten Years' Credit and 6 per cent. Interest.

*One Million Acres in Iowa & Southern Nebraska.*

The finest country in the world to combine farming and Stock Raising. The Soil is rich and easily cultivated: Climate warm; Seasons long; Taxes low, and Education Free. No Payments required on principal till FIFTH year, and then only ONE-SEVENTH EACH YEAR UNTIL PAID.

*Land Exploring Tickets*

Sold at important stations on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Rail Road, and cost of same refunded when land is bought.

Half Fare to families of purchasers, and LOW FREIGHTS on household goods and farm stock.

Twenty per cent. premium for cultivation.

Large Discounts for Cash within one, two and three years.

*Products will pay for Land and Improvements long before the Principal becomes due.*

"The so-called destitution in Nebraska lies in the far western region, beyond the lands of the B. & M. R. R. Co."

☞For circulars that will describe fully these lands, and the terms of sale, apply to or address,
LAND COMMISSIONER,
[12-25-3m.] Burlington, Iowa, for Iowa Lands, or Lincoln, Neb., for Nebraska Lands.


ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, that Florence Willebrand of Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, by deed of voluntary assignment has assigned all the estate, real and personal, of the said Florence Willebrand to H. Kinkead, of Ebensburg, in said county, in trust, for the benefit of the creditors of the said Florence Willebrand. All persons therefore, indebted to the said Florence Willebrand will make payment to the said Assignee and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.
H. KINKEAD, Assignee.
Ebensburg, Feb. 12, 1875.-6t

AUDITOR'S NOTICE!—Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the real estate of Robert Campbell, in the case of Lloyd & Co. vs. R. Campbell and William Noel, No. 24, Dec. Term, 1874, *Fi. Fa.*, notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that I will attend to the duties of said appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1875, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in upon said fund.
GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.


**CRAWFORD HOUSE.**

EBENSBURG, PA.

John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.]

**Parke's Marble Works,**

133 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.
Oct. 24. m.* JOHN PARKE.

**LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!**

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '74.-tf.]

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,

**BANKERS,**

Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.
Sept. 20.tf. JAS. B. ZAHM, Cashier.

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive early attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.

E. H. PLANK, M. D., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Office adjoining residence and immediately in the rear of Hon. R. E. Lloyd's drug store. Night calls can be made at Residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Crawford street, Ebensburg. [4-24.-tf.]

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence in Town Hall, Julian street, where night calls should be made [4-4.-tf.]

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,
*EBENSBURG, PA.*
☞Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*
Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street three doors from High street. [aug.27,'72.]


## HOW IT IS.

There is an editor out west who knows all about it, as below. We feel like saying, "C'rect, old boy; you've been there, and it's a true bill":

"There's where a man has the advantage. He can undress in a cold room and have his bed warm before a woman has got her hair pins out and shoes untied."

That's how it looks in print, and this is how it is in realty: "I'm going to bed, my dear. It's half-past ten." No reply. "Now, John, you know you're always late in the morning, do get to bed!" "Yes, in a minute," he replies, as he turns the paper wrong side out and begins a lengthy article headed "The Louisiana Muddle."—Fifteen minutes later she calls from the bedroom: "John, come to bed, and don't keep the gas burning here all night," and murmering something about the "bill being big enough now," she creeps between the cold sheets, while John sits placidly on, his feet across the piano stool and a cigar in his mouth. By-and-by he rises, yawns, stretches himself, throws the paper on the floor, and seizing the shaker, proceeds to that vigorous exercise, shaking the coal stove. Just at this stage a not altogether pleasant voice inquires, "For pity's sake! ain't you ready for bed yet?" "Yes, yes, I'm coming! why don't you go to sleep and let a fellow alone?"

Then he discovers that there's coal needed. When that is supplied and rattled into the stove he sits down to warm his feet. Next, he slowly begins to undress, and as he stands scratching himself and absently gazing on the last garment, dangling over the back of a chair, he remembers that the clock is not wound yet. When that is attended to he wants a drink of water and away he promenades to the kitchen. Of course, when he returns his skin resembles that of a picked chicken, and once more he seats himself before the fire for a last "warm up." As the clock strikes twelve he turns out the gas, and with a flop of the bed clothes and a few spasmodic shivers he subsides—no, not yet; he forgot to see if the front door was locked, and another flop of the bed clothes brings forth the remark: "Good gracious! if that man ain't enough to try the patience of Job!" Setting her teeth hard she awaits the final flop, with its accompanying blast of cold air, and then quietly inquires if he is "settled for the night," to which he replies by muttering: "If you ain't the provokingest woman!"

## HOW LONG TO SLEEP.

How much sleep is necessary to renew the exhausted energies of the brain and fit it perfectly for its work must be determined by individual experience; but as to children it is safe to say they ought to be indulged to the extent of their inclinations. They require more sleep than adults, and old people, if their slumbers are sound, incline to sleep at shorter intervals than persons in the prime of life. The difference in individuals in this respect is very great. Dr. Cooch mentions a man who sleeps only fifteen minutes a day enjoys good health.

Blaine, in his "Medical Logic," speaks of some missionaries in Cuba who reduced their sleep to the minimum, that they might pursue their labors with the least possible interruption. When forced to rest they threw themselves on a couch with a brass ball in hand over a brass basin. The moment they lost their consciousness the ball dropped from their fingers, and, ringing on the basin, waked them; and this sleep they found afforded all the recruit that nature demanded. Seneca declares that Macenas passed three years without sleeping a single hour; and Boerhaave affirms that he passed six weeks without sleep; but neither of these statements is credible.

Blaine was informed by Gen. Pichegan that during his active campaign in Holland he never for a year slept more than one hour in twenty-four; and the same he related of Charles XII. of Sweden, during his wonderful career. Jeremy Taylor, during part of life, slept only three or four hours in the twenty-four; and Napoleon slept only four or five hours during his military career; but he was able to fall asleep at any time in the midst of his work when he felt drowsy. John Hunter, the great surgeon, slept four hours at night and one after dinner.

Sir John Sinclair gives the history of a man who had reached the advanced age of ninety-one, and all his life had slept but four hours in twenty-four. Sir Walter Scott said that he was not entirely himself unless he passed seven hours in total unconsciousness. Southey required ten hours, going to bed at ten and rising at eight. Sir William Jones laid down the rule of life students in the couplet:

"Seven hours to books, to pleasant slumbers seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven."

---

WHY HE GOES TO SCHOOL.—A Wisconsin schoolboy handed in the following composition recently: "I go to school to learn to read and rite and sifer to slide on the ice and traid off an old knife if I have one, in summer to pick wild flowers and straw berries and to get out of work hot days, some boys has to go to school to get out of their mothers road, but I would rather stay in winter than to go to miles and set by a cold stove and freeze my tose. I like to go to school and see the teacher scold the big girls when they cut up. Some go to school to fool but I go to study when we are old we can't go to school and then we feel sorry that we fooled when we was young and went to school. I don't get no time to fool any way for I have enough to do when it comes to my gography."


ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

**FRANK W. HAY**

Manufacturer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

**TIN, COPPER,**

—AND—

**Sheet-Iron WARES,**

AND DEALER IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

**STOVES,**

**Sheet Metals,**

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

W. D. M'CLELLAND.....JOHN HANNA Z

**M'CLELLAND & CO.,**

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Fancy and Plain

**FURNITURE!**

AND CHAIRS.

We keep constantly on hand in great variety a full line of elegant

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

INSTYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOMERS

Having the most skillful workmen in the city, we are prepared to fill all orders for

OFFICE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!

IN PIECES OR SUITS,

At PRICES Below

Either Eastern or Western Manufacturers.

Wareroom, No. 81 FRANKLIN Street,

NEARLY OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

☞All Furniture sent for and delivered in the city free of charge. [3-13,'74.-tf.]

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM

**WM. P. PATTON,**

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

**CABINET FURNITURE**

*JOHNSTOWN, PA.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Bureaus, | Cane Chairs, |
| Bedsteads, | Wood Seat Chairs, |
| Washstands | Kitchen Furniture, |
| Sideboards, | Red Lounges, |
| Chamber Sets, | Mattresses, |
| Parlor Sets, | Tete-a-Tetes, |
| Wardrobes, | Extension Tables, |
| Book Cases, | Dining Tables, |
| Lounges, | Cupboards. |

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.
Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Andrew Moses,

TAILOR AND DRAPER,

CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

**A SAFE LICHT**

**LI CANNOT BE EXPLODED.**

**ELAINE**

THE FAMILY

**SAFEGUARD OIL.**

Warden & Oxnard,

[2-12.] PITTSBURGH, PA. [6t.]

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING —The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking promptly and neatly done. The patronage of the ladies is respectfully solicited. [6-1.'71.]

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

—TO—

**CASH BUYERS**

—AT THE—

Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING and REAPING MACHINES

AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;

COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities:

TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

of my own manufacture;

HARDWARE, ALL KIND!

such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Table Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Hammers, Axes, Hatchets, Boring Machines, Augurs, Chisels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh-Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, Clothes Washers and Wringers, Patent Churns and; Patebt Machines generally, Grind-Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Cast Steel Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, Horse Shoes and Nails, Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks Well and Cistern Pumps, &c., &c.;

Harness and Saddlery Ware

of all kind, in great variety;

WOOD and WILLOW WARE

beyond description;

*CARBON OIL and OIL LAMPS,*

Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil Rosin, Tar, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.; Silver-Plated Ware, Glassware, &c

Family Groceries,

such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrups Molasses Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Hominy Fish, Crackers, Rice, Pearl Barley, &c.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoes Stove, Dusting, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed-Cords, Manilla Ropes, and many other articles, at the *lowest rates for cash.*

HOUSE SPOUTING

made, painted and put up as cheap as possible FOR CASH. ☞A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale.
GEORGE HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, July 25, 1873.-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves.

Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly-fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.
VALLIE LUTHINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

**G. C. K. ZAHM,**

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER GOODS USUALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

**THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER!**

AS WE ALL KNOW, BUT THE

**PRICES**

At E. J. MILLS'

CHEAP CASH STORE,

Are not over, but rather under, those of any other dealer in

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Hats and Caps

Boots, Shoes, Notions,

GROCERIEES, FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, &C.

In this "Neck o' Timber."

☞A complete and elegant assortments of new goods now in store will positively be sold at the closest margin. Country produce at the highest market prices taken in exchange for goods. Full satisfaction guaranteed to all buyers. Store on High street, nea Centre street.
E. J. MILLS.
Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874.-tf.

EBENSBURG

**BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE**

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS

JOHN D. THOMAS,

Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarse-at brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.
JOHN D. THOMAS.


## THE MECHANISM OF MAN.

Wonders at home by families cease to excite astonishment; and so it happens that many know but little about the "house we live in"—human body. We look upon a body from the outside, just as a whole unit, never thinking of the many rooms, the curious passages and ingenious internal arrangements of the house, or of the wonderful structure of the man, the harmony and adaptation of all his parts

In the human skeleton, about the time of maturity, are 165 bones. The muscles are about 500 in number. The length of the alimentary canal is about thirty-two feet. The amount of blood in an adult averages four pounds, or full one-fifth of the entire weight.

The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter and beats seventy times per minute; 4,200 times per hour; 100,800 per day; 36,772,000 times per year; 2,665,440,000 in the score and ten; and at each beat there and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it; one hundred and seventy-five ounces per minute; six hundred and fifty-six pounds per hour; seven and three-fourths tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes.

The lungs will contain about one gallon of air, at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe, on an average, 1,200 times per hour; inhale 600 gallons of air, or 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceed 20,000 square inches, an area very nearly equal to the floor of a room twelve feet square.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces; of a female, two pounds and four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it, directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming a "body guard" outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshaled!

The skin is composed of three layers and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Its average area in an adult is estimated to be 2,000 square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about fifteen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiration pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body nearly forty miles in length.

Man is made marvellously. When is eager to investigate the curious, witness the wonderful works of Omnipotent Wisdom, let him not wander the wide world round to seek them, but examine himself. "The proper study of mankind is man."

---

WHAT I DON'T KNOW.—As you have solicited me to write for your valuable paper and as I can not place myself alongside of the learned agriculturists, who can unfoldably fascinate well on paper, and tell you "What I know about Farming," I thought I would tell you what I don't know. I don't know how a man can raise corn on wornout lands, who does not keep any stock, or raise any manure, who does not cultivate within ten yards of the ditch banks, thus leaving the best lands grow up in bulrushes and briers, but keeps an old horse or two, puts them to an old wornout plow and scratches the old wornout hillsides.

I don't know how a farmer expects to have meat to eat who raises no cattle, and if he attempts to raise hogs he has these old fiddle faced fellows that eat their heads off twice during the winter, and when spring comes they are so lean that by trying a knot in their tails, you can keep them from getting through a fence. Stranger still, the man is always complaining of the high price of bacon. I think the meat dealers ought to send him to the lunatic asylum. I don't see how a man expects to make anything at farming, who year after year takes everything from his farm and puts nothing back. The merchant that he were to sell out one stock of goods could not expect his store to pay him more, until he laid in an otherstock. Such a man reminds me of a yankee who came to this neighborhood several years ago, and ridiculed the idea of fertilizers, said he was going to make his farm pay him, not him pay his farm. I saw him the other day, and he had no corn, no meat, no nothing.

I must close, as I think little fellers ought to write little. In future I may tell you some more things I don't know.

---

PICKING UP A WASP.—A West Indian minister picked up a frozen wasp on the sidewalk recently, and, with a view to advancing the interest of science, carried it in the house and held it by the tail while he warmed its ears over a lamp chimney. His object was to see if wasps froze to death, or merely lay dormant during the Winter. He is of the opinion that they lie dormant, and of the dormantest kind at that, and, when they revive, he says, the head thaws out first, for while this one's head, right over the lamp, was so warm and cold that it could not wink, he probe worked with such inconceivable rapidity that the minister couldn't gasp enough to keep up with it. He threw the vicious thing down the lamp chimney, and said he didn't want any more truck with a dormant wasp, after which his wife burst into tears and asked how he, a minister of the Gospel could use such language, right before the children, too.